

My Emerald Child

by darkangelwp

Category: Halo, Harry Potter

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Characters: Harry P., Master Chief/John-117

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-07-05 13:34:52

Updated: 2013-04-29 18:14:22

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:29:35

Rating: T

Chapters: 11

Words: 24,064

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: HaloXHarry Potter crossover! Five year old Harry Potter wishes for a family. Well, he got one. Say hello to, Arcana, child of the Sangeili! BEING REWRITTEN!

1. I Wish

****My Emerald Child****

"Human talking"

"_Alien talking"_

'_Thoughts'_

Sorry this took so long. so many things are happening I feel like I'm on a topsy turvy ride one spin away from being sick!

Anyway, here is the first rewrite. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter One: I wish<p>

A small five year old boy huddled in his cupboard. He was so hungry and tired but he knew better than to say anything. He was supposed to be a good little freak or as good as a freak can be. The child had beautiful black hair and sad green eyes. His skin was pale and was covered in bruises. His hair was sticky with blood and it ran down his face. His uncle had hit him hard on the back of his head today. He wasn't sure why but he was sure he had something wrong.

His name was Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived, but he was called freak. So that's what he believed his name was, Freak. He shivered, it was winter and his uncle forgot to give him a blanket. His uncle forgot to get him warmer clothing too. But one of the rules was to

never ask questions. Along with don't talk until told to do so, to do what he was told and to never ever make noise.

The boy opened his eyes and watched his breath in the air. He didn't want to die here. He knew he would die, eventually. For a boy like him, thinking and having thoughts were common. He thought about a lot of things, even death. He didn't want to die here, that is what he always thought.

"I wish I wish I wish I could have a family. I don't care who or what they are, so long as I get to call them family I wish I wish for a family so much" His voice cracked.

Then he quickly covered his mouth, crying was considered making noise. But he couldn't stop and it hurt so much. Without even realizing it, his body began to glow a bright lively green. He heard heavy footsteps coming from upstairs and knew he was in trouble. But his magic didn't care, it would fulfill his wish.

It would take him away from this dark and morbid place. It would take him to a place where he is unknown. A place where he would find the kind of family he always wanted. It would take him to a family that would protect, nurture and care for him. It didn't have a chance to do so before but now it did.

In one bright flash, Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived disappeared from Private Drive, from the world all together.

-Alternate Dimension(year: 2547)"

War. That was all that is known and all that anyone saw. The humans were up against the Covenant. Although the war was still going on, the humans were about to lose the battle. The covenant warriors were attacking a supply base. It was small but it didn't matter. This is war. It is the end and the beginning.

One Sangeili covered in white armor was patrolling a corridor, wincing slightly with every step he took. He was a Special Ops Commander, named Ori'Jar, who was stuck with a petty mission to preoccupy his time. The death of humans barely satisfied his contempt. His wound served only to aggravate his mood.

During the battle, one of the humans managed to wound him. Although the wound was minor, he wasn't going to take any chances and kept looking for medical supplies to keep the wound from opening further. He did not need some upstart from a minor clan attempting to usurp his command for such a little thing.

When he opened on door, he breathed in relief, it was a medical station. Ori' Jar started to look around, hoping to find something he could use. It was times like these he was thankful he could speak and read the human language.

However, the elite had his back turned so he didn't see the energy forming behind him until his motion tracker alerted him to the strange activity. He quickly turned around with a plasma rifle drawn and stared. The space in front of him was swirling with a mass of energy. It crackled like lightening and glowed bright green.

It was wild and excited, as it searched the area around it; it

noticed the Elite standing there with its rifle dangling limply in its hand. The magic was heavy in the air as it 'scented' the alien. It buried itself in its memories, in its life. Although it sensed no ill intent, it could not risk that changing. No, rather, it would not risk it. Thus, with the will and power of its caster, so vague and desperate, it carefully exposed its precious cargo. Now that it could no longer be bound by the old one's magic, it could help its once helpless child.

The boy was gently placed on the ground, and the only witness in shock, with its guard down, the magic struck. quick and sure, it bound Ori'Jar to the child. It mattered not who or what happened across the little mage now. All would love him, all would care for him and, if need be, all would _die_ for him. As broken as the magic was from the child, as splintered, it still sought his safety. The magic crackled and snapped at the walls, chairs, beds, and the floor around the child. It left scorch marks around him, making a protective circle around him then stopped and waited.

The Commander was shocked silent and didn't move. After a moment he took one step closer to get a better look of the child. He couldn't tell if it was male or female since it was curled up in a ball, but it looked injured. However, he did know that some of the markings looked like it was beaten, perhaps he should put the thing out of its misery-_no, no, that's wrong, care for him, protect him_-they were human markings, made by human hands.

Ori'Jar felt his stomach lurch as he came to a chilling conclusion. Humans harmed their young. Were they not supposed to protect their young? This predicament confused him. Why would any human harm its own kind? Ori'Jar was brought out of his thought as the child slowly opened its eyes. Ori'Jar gasped and drew the boy's attention towards him. _The child's eyes were beautiful!_

They shone the rarest green he had ever seen. Such rarity was considered a blessing by the Sangeili. He almost mistook him for a female but the scent, now that a slight breeze picked up, proved it was male.

"You are a boy?" Ori'Jar asked, there wasn't any harm in double checking.

The boy slowly sat up and nodded his head. Ori'Jar looked at the boy head to foot and noted that he was both injured and malnourished.

"What is your name?" The boy hesitated and Ori'Jar mentally frowned.

Being a warrior for the Covenant had shown him many things, including torture in order to extract information. During his training he had noticed how a human acted after torture, they were either completely too terrified to say anything or completely hateful and waiting to die.

"It's alright, child. I will not harm you. _No one will harm you._"

Ori'Jar walked closer to the boy and into the circle, he ignored the glow it gave and bent down to pick him up off the floor. Once he was

in Ori'Jar's arms however, the circle erupted, trapping the two inside. The Sangeili nearly dropped the boy in shock but was by some unknown force paralyzed. He could not move of his own will. The floor inside the circle glowed brightly before it died down. Ori'Jar did not fail to notice that his wound was gone and stared at the boy in his arms.

"Will you tell me your name?"

"â€|Freak" He whispered.

There was a pregnant pause and Ori'Jar gave a low growl. However, the child needed to be taken care of so he pushed his rage down and sat the boy on one of the beds. Ori'Jar got some healing ointment and applied it to the boy's body. Then he looked at the boy's head and quickly tended to it. There was some glass imbedded in his scalp. He also had a twisted ankle and a few broken ribs. This child needed proper medical aid.

After wrapping a bandage around the boy's head, he picked the boy up again, gently. Stepping into the hall, Ori'Jar looked around him and walked into one of the doors near the end of the hall. When he stepped inside he was not surprised to find several grunts and other brothers from his company rummaging around the human's eating quarters.

Ori'Jar growled in annoyance and all at once the noise stopped. They were staring at the human child in their Commander's arms. Ori'Jar walked over to the kitchen area and finding some human food left over, he put the child down in front of it. When the child looked longingly at it but didn't touch it, Ori'Jar nudged the child with his hand and ushered him to eat. When the child began to eat, slowly but nonetheless, Ori'Jar faced his comrades.

"Comrades, do not think my judgment has failed me.
However-"

"What are you doing with a human?" one of his brothers demanded.

"A human child, at that. If they find out we'll be in even greater danger."

"We won't." Ori'Jar snarled. He would not have them disrespect him. He would make them see what he saw.

"The other humans do not know of his existence. The child appeared before me in an array of emerald light. He is injured and afraid but not of us. Or are you too blind to see the human inflicted wounds that cover his body?"

The other covenant warriors looked past their leader and at the child that looked back at them without fear but rather with fascination. It was as if the child had never seen or knew they existed. They did notice the markings on his body, although they were beginning to fade, the inflictions were distinguishable. They were made from a human. Unknown to them, care/protect/love/care/protect/love-they, too, were bound to the child.

"So he was harmed by the humansâ€|" They were stunned

silent.

"What do we do with him?" asked a grunt as it shuffled from foot to foot.

"I plan on keeping him. I don't plan on showing him off to the world or to the entire covenant either. I am hoping everyone here is willing to keep this secret." One spoke up.

"Agreed, but perhaps the rest of the group should be told of his existence so that they don't try to kill him."

"I'll go get them, if that is alright with you, Commander."

-

"Yes, it would be for the best. Bring the others here; the fighting has stopped for the time being. It should give us some time." Ori'Jar watched as two of his elites went to get the rest of the group. They were much more willing to accept him than Ori'Jar thought.

When everyone was assembled, there were six sangheili, ten grunts, four Hunters, and seven jackals. It wasn't a large group but they were efficient and survived, thus far. Ori'Jar told them about how the child was summoned, what the boy believed his name was, and the boy's injuries. Afterwards, the hall became silent, yet everyone understood. Love/protect/care/loveprotectcare!- To be harmed by your own is like being killed over and over without end. They accepted him.

"Well, child, it seems you will be staying with us. Now, how about a different name?" Ori'Jar looked at the small human on the floor.

The elite noticed the look of pure joy when he said the boy was staying. The others seemed to notice it as well and shifted to get a better look at him. Ori'Jar made it easier for them by picking the boy up and setting him down on the countertop. The elites walked up to the boy and introduced themselves.

There were two Minor Domo (blue/purple) Sangheili named Jaren and Navvi, the other three were Major Domo Sangheili (red elites) named Negura, Ryoku, and Setrae. The Hunters also moved closer to the boy. Although they were huge in size and looked like barbicans, they are actually just as intelligent as the elites. They couldn't make up strategies but they are excellent fighters and loyal to their brethren.

The hunters introduced themselves as well. They did not have true names like the others but they did have names that were 'bestowed' to them to make it easier for commanders to There was Zhou, Kaihu, Ohba and his brother, Obata. They didn't normally interact with humans on friendly bases so it wasn't a surprise that they were portrayed as mindless killing machines. The grunts and the jackals were standing up on the tables waving at the child and making him laugh. All the tension left the room leaving it feeling very comfortable for the child.

"So what shall we name you, hm?"

"What about bunny?" Jaren asked, which earned him a glare

"We are not naming him after _prey_." Ori'Jar growled

"Kyo or Trimor?"

"Macer...er, Anveer?"

"Evaan, Erag, or Arag?"

"No, No, No, No, No, No and No."

"Arcana?"

"No-wait, what?" Obata blinked and repeated himself.

"Hmm, maybe. What do you think of the name Arcana?" Ori'Jar looked at the child who was watching them argue. He remained quiet.

"Come on little one. No one is going to hurt you. But the name you were given is disgusting. You do not deserve your treatment. We will take care of you. Now, you have to help usâ€¦do you like Arcana?"

"â€¦umâ€¦I like Arcanaâ€¦" the boy spoke quietly.

"Then you are from now on, Arcana." Orion said lightly patting the boy's on the head.

"It would be difficult to protect him in our current position. The human's numbers are growing." _ Ohba put in

"That is true; however, the Prophets should have known that the humans would not give this place up so easily. The humans keep a close watch on these places." _

"Why would the Prophets send us to such a worthless place, a suicide mission?" _ Navvi snarled

"Let's not question their motives just yet. Let's worry about Arcana's and our own safety. I want everyone back at their post, this time be on guard at all times." _ Ordered Ori'Jar.

The group dispersed and the hall was soon empty. Ori'Jar turned to Arcana, nuzzled his head in Arcana's side and purred, causing the boy to giggle. Ori'Jar stood up and grinned at the boy. Then he picked Arcana up and into his arms. He left the lunch room to find a suitable hiding place until help arrived.

But in the back of his mind, Ori'Jar wondered if Arcana was safer here, at a covenant ship or on Orion's home base. Looking into Arcana's eyes, Ori'Jar knew, wherever the place may be, he would protect his child. The image of that wild and untamed green energy surrounding Arcana in a cocoon of protection flashed briefly in his mind.

'_My precious emerald child, I will protect you.' _

Unknowingly, the Commander's eyes briefly glazed over a milky green...before vanishing completely.

* * *

><p>And that wraps up chapter one Rewrite. Freaking finally!<p>

2. Safe Refuge

****My Emerald Child****

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter or Halo but I did come up with this story so HaH!

In this story, harry's magic is named emerald, hence the name and Dumbledore is a manipulating, butt-kissing old goat.

-cough-

-hack- -gasp-

faint

Shinigami: -checks pulse- damn she's still breathing. I knew I should have put more rat poison in that cake.

â€|Thatâ€|wasâ€|YOU!! YOU TRAITOR!! I'M GONNA KILL YOU WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!!

Shinigami:-girly scream- HELP ME SOMEONE, ANYONE, MOMMA HELP ME!!

"Human talking"

"_Alien talking_"

'Thoughts'

* * *

><p>Orion was shuffling through an open trunk looking for something that would keep Arcana occupied. They were in bedroom that used to belong to one of the medics. Orion was tossing aside journal after journal. He didn't understand why humans needed so many. After a few more minutes of searching he found a medical book.<p>

He turned to Arcana and handed him the book. He went on searching just in case he got bored with the book. Orion was surprised when he found a CD player but put it on the desk next to the bed Arcana was sitting in. The room was medium size. Big enough for a desk, a bed, and a trunk full of cloths, journals and books.

"I am sorry little one, but this will have to do. We cannot leave the base until the humans have given up. However, I hope these things are enough to keep you occupied."

"â€|it's okay. Thank you." Arcana said with a smile

Orion nodded and gently ruffled his hair. The boy was still recovering and he wasn't taking any chances. He was going to make sure he stayed alive. He was not going to lose his child to the

humans.

"I must go now. I will come back to get you when the fighting has stopped. I promise you."

Arcana nodded his head and watched Orion leave. He was really starting to like it here. They weren't human but they cared for him and that made him happy. They even gave him a new name. Maybe, just maybe, these creatures could be his family. Arcana hoped they would. So he picked up the book on medicine and began the slow and painful task of reading it.

--Scene Change--

Orion walked around the corner and met the Hunter Brothers. He orders them to guard Arcana's room but if things get too bad to head to the battlefield immediately. The two Hunters nod their heads in agreement and then made their way to Arcana's room. Orion went to one of the look out post where Ryoku was stationed. The red elite nodded his head in acknowledgement and Orion gave a quick scan of the front of the building.

"Has anyone been attacked yet?"

"No, but Setrae and Navvi killed a small band of humans trying to get in. Apparently, our meeting confused them into thinking we were retreating. They haven't made any moves since then. It seems Arcana was a healthy distraction" Ryoku chuckled

_"It seems like everyone has taken a liking to him. The question is how great is that loyalty?" _

_"In my opinion Arcana's situation has opened their eyes to the fact that humans are far more desperate than we thought. It leaves me to question, what is our true purpose? Is it to force the humans into submission? We know their pride won't let them. Does this mean that they are preparing to annihilate themselves to ensure they are not enslaved? Are they killing each other, now, so that we lose the privilege of proclaiming them defeated? Is there no way to end the madness?" _

_"I do not know the answers that you seek. Arcana may be one of many who have been harmed and he may be one of the few to survive. Or he may be the last. Is it wrong to care for him? Is it wrong to fight for his survival? We would die for our young. Would the humans not do the same? He is afraid and somewhere unfamiliar. Would they harm him if they took him back? " _

_"I do not know. However, he would be harmed if the Prophets see to it. He is safe no where--"

"He is safe no where but here, with my presence." Finished Orion

"That safety wont remain for long. It would be best if Arcana's existence remained unknown to the Prophets. We cannot predict what their motives are anymore." Orion agreed there was no way he was going to give up his child. He swore his life on it.

There was the sound of gunshots on the floor below them. The voices

of grunts, elites and humans reached their ears. They looked at each other before heading toward the staircase. They were ready for battle. They had to win. They could not lose Arcana to such monsters.

Orion pulled out his energy sword and melee attacked the human closes to him. Blood and gore spilled out onto the floor but the white armored elite didn't stop. He cut down another human and let out a roar that fuelled the other fighters and terrified the humans.

_"Protect the Emerald Child! Let no man pass!" _

-Harry's World-

Dumbledore glared at the distorted images in front of him. No matter what he did he couldn't find the boy. It's as if he just stopped existing. He knew he should have strengthened the binding spell sooner. The boy's magic was too pure and wild for his own good.

His magic wouldn't even submit to him when he picked him up the night of the attack. It just lashed at him. Such disrespect was not tolerated, so he bound most of the boy's magic. He was hoping the abuse would do the boy some good and help him have absolute control over him when he came to school.

Now all his plans seem to go down the drain. How could this be happening? It should be impossible for anyone to get in and for the boy to run away. Albus needed answers and he needed them now.

"Headmaster, I'm back from the house." Stated Severus Snape with an emotionless expression

"Good, now perhaps you would like to enlighten me on the events that occurred. I have a feeling the boy is still alive."

"That is a possibility. The magic residue found in the cupboard suggest that the boy apparated" Severus snarled

He wasn't a fool and saw right through the headmaster's fake smile. He was not one to miss the signs of abuse and they were all over that place. He noticed dried stains of blood inside the cupboard. He also noticed the number of locks on the cupboard. All in all, the boy had suffered and that abuse resulted in what was not commonly known as magical backlash.

There was very little known about it because it rarely happened except in dire situations. There were little to no books on the phenomenon and no cases were reported. In a certain situation, where a magical being was in danger and could not protect itself because it didn't know how, the magic it possessed would automatically react. It would do anything in an attempt to protect its host. In the boy's situation, the magic sensed the boy's desired need for safety and impulsively took him out of harms way. However, because of its rarity, there is no way to trace a magical backlash and for some reason, trying to track the host doesn't work. It is almost like a defense mechanism, preventing the host from being followed or found.

"You and I both know that should be impossible. Do you have a theory as to why he would feel he should leave?"

"Maybe it had something to do with the abuse." Severus answered sarcastically

"My dear boy, there was no such thing. I'm sure they were being a bit rough. But know this if they were treating him badly I would know and would have put a stop to it."

"I don't need you to lecture me, Albus. However you might want to start making up some believable story for the press. There is no way to keep this a secret." Severus sneered, "Now, if you don't mind I have somewhere to be."

Without asking for permission to leave, the potions master left the room and slammed the door behind him. He wasn't going to floo from the headmaster's office that's for sure and if the boy was safe wherever he was, he was going to make sure Albus didn't get his hands on him. He may have failed Lily, he would not fail her son.

--Scene Change--

Orion stalked the corridor with one of the humans M7/Caseless SMG and a M6C pistol in the other hand. The last attack had left the covenant fighters low on artillery so they stole from the humans that were already dead. Although the weapons were weaker then their own, they got the job done.

They base was practically in ruins. There was blood splattered across the walls, bodies littered the floor and parts of the building were starting to break off. Orion knew they would have to abandon this place. This meant he was going to have to get human supplies for Arcana before they left.

Orion had ordered Navvi and Ryoku to get medical supplies, clothing, and anything else that could be used. Now, that Orion thought about the situation, the greater his fear grew. He had a lot to fear now that he was taking Arcana as his own.

He shook his self out of such thoughts as he turned the corner towards the Hunter Brothers who where still guarding Arcana's room. When they saw their leader approach they stepped aside to let him through.

"Hello little one" Orion greeted the child with a grin and a pat on the head. Arcana stopped reading the book to look up at the elite and smile. He was glad the creature kept his promise.

"We are getting some supplies from here for you. When we get orders to leave this place, you are coming with us." Orion sat down as he spoke

He was expecting the boy to be shy but thankful. He even expected a smile and tears. However, he didn't expect the boy to hug him and laugh. He heard the child say his thanks and he was crying so his prediction wasn't so bad.

"Thank you! Thank you so much! I promise I'll be really good! I'll make you really proud of me papa-" the boy gasped and quickly moved

away from the elite.

The elite was confused by the humans sudden change in mode. Then it registered what the boy had said and hesitated before he hugged the insecure child. The boy didn't mean to insult him or to call him something he might not want to be. But it hurt to watch the results of the child's suffering. Yet, it was strange how comfortable he was around the commander. Perhaps, it is because he isn't human?

"It's quite alright, my child. The name sounds just fine."

"I-I-you'll be my-my papa? I-I can call you papa?" The boy looked up at the elite with hopeful and desperate eyes.

When the elite nodded, the boy grinned happily and huddled closely to his new father. Said figure held his young close to his chest and purred in to his ear. Pride welled up inside of him as he held his child. This changed the entire criteria for existing. This went beyond what he thought was possible. A low growling sound interrupted the tender moment and Orion looked down at his child. His cheeks were cherry red.

"Hungry are, we?"

"...um...yes" The elite chuckled lightly before lifting him up and strolling out of the room. Looks like he needed to get more than just supplies for the human. Orion couldn't help but wonder just what he was getting his self into. Unbeknownst to the elite, the higher powers looked down at him, smiled and saw that this was good.

* * *

><p>And cut! Okay so far you have a basic idea of what is going on.<p>

In the next chapter and those that follow, I'm going to show you, my lovely readers, how Elites handle parenthood. (mostly through flashbacks mind you. You'll see why)

It's going to be hilariousâ€¦well, to me at least.

I hope you enjoyed it.

Please review...or I won't update!

Preview

Chapter 3:

_The covenant is ready to abandon the base and bring their fighters home. Arcana is going along for the ride. _

3. A Father's Love

****My Emerald Child****

Okay, this is chapter three and I hope you like it. My summer just magically became very active so I'm trying my hardest to do this

without getting caught.

I will try to get the next one up by next week Friday or Monday at the latest. If I can't then forgive me but when you have parents who are narrow minded, suspicious, and watch you like you'll break any moment then things become very difficult.

To clear something up, in this story, when the Elites refer to Harry as the Emerald or Emerald child, they mean magic or if you prefer child of the gods, because if you recall he appeared to Orion by a mass of _green_ energy.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this chapter!

Chapter Three: A Father's Love

Setrae stood by the control panel, waiting for any orders that the Prophets had for them. Everyone was anxious to get home and properly tend to Arcana. It was evident that the child gets medical treatment from a medic. Although there were none here, there were plenty back home. Each one would be more than willing to keep the child a secret.

"_Commander, this is Tartarus. I have orders to give you. Are you there?" _

"_The commander has ordered me to receive any commands and deliver them to him. He is making rounds in the corridors" _Setrae answered in a neutral tone

"_Tell the Sangheili that the Prophets have ordered for your pickup. It should arrive shortly."_ Growled the brute

"_Is there a reason why we are ordered to leave this place?"_

"_It is no longer of any use to us."_ Was the only reply

"_Understood, we will be ready."_ The Elite cut the connection and went to find Orion. Things just kept getting more and more complicated.

Setrae headed for Arcana's room and stopped at the sight in front of him. His commander was sitting up in the human bed with the child sleeping against his chest. The white Elite was gently stroking the boy's head and humming a song that had never been heard by any one but the Sangeili.

"_Commander" _Setrae began in a whisper; he didn't want to wake the sleeping child. "_We have received our orders."_

"_Give me a moment." _Orion slowly and quietly got up and placed Arcana back on the bed. He turned to the red Elite and nodded before they both walked out. The two hunters still stood at attention when they left and were told to let no one in to Arcana's room.

"_What were the orders?"_

"_We are being picked up and set back to High Charity." _

_"This puts us in a difficult predicament, Setrae." _

_"I know and I highly doubt the Prophets would understand the boy's situation. They would more than likely try to use him to their advantage. There is no telling what lengths the Demon is willing to go to in order to get the child if he is discovered." _Orion snapped

"No one is taking My Child! I swear to the Stars and the Gods that created them, so long as I live he is mine and no one is going to take him away from me!" Orion growled menacingly and walked away.

Setrae stared at his commander and couldn't shake off his shock. His commander had just claimed a human as his own by swearing and invoking the gods. He wasn't against the idea but it was rare to hear some one swear to the gods about anything. It was a very old way of proclaiming to protect one's Honor. Although, it was every creatures given right to protect it's young. Since, Orion claimed Arcana as his own; anything or anyone who became a threat to his child was taken care of in anyway possible.

As Setrae watched the Special Ops Commander Elite stalk down the hall, he could feel a cold shiver run through his veins. He knew the boy's life would be put in danger and he knew Orion would go to any length to keep him safe. That made him a very dangerous and frightening opponent far greater then the Demon him self.

****Scene Change****

Orion was without a doubt sulking. He was taking his son with him but he had nothing for him! The Elite didn't think the Prophets would allow him to steal some human items without a plausible reason. He certainly couldn't tell them he had a human child that he had claimed as his own. He could lie but he would need a good lie.

"It's not like I can tell them I plan on stealing human items in an attempt to discover a-"

Orion stopped dead in his tracks as his thoughts strayed and then he let out a deep, dark and sinister laugh. He knew just what he had to do to keep his son safe and non-existent.

Without the Elite's knowledge, the higher powers also had begun to make plans. Palns to make his son the greatest entity the mortal worlds have ever seen. Arcana's magic swirled in delight and satisfaction.

It would get its turn soon enough.

****Scene change****

Orion immediately set his plan into action. He gave orders to everyone to prepare for pick up then gathered the things that Navvi and Ryoku had packed. There were very few things they could find for a child. They got him several clean bed sheets, pillows, a first-aid kit, random medicine, military rations and a pair of socks that went up to the boy's knees.

Arcana was excited and afraid. He didn't know where they were going

or how they were getting there but his father had told him that they were going home. All around him the soldiers were moving and talking to each other. Arcana stood under Kaihu's shield. They didn't want him to accidentally get hit by one of the grunts.

When the ship arrived, Orion sent Nequera, Ryoku and Zhou to talk to the crew and especially the Ship Master. On board the ship were merely two sangheili pilots, once they were told of the situation, promised absolute silence and full cooperation. Orion was pleased with himself, everything was going smoothly. However, the Ship Master wanted to see Arcana for his self.

Orion had Arcana, Kaihu and Zhou board first before everyone else. Once everything was in order the ship took off and left the base behind. Arcana was awed by the experience of flying a spacecraft and seeing the stars so close.

"Papa is everyone like you where we are going?" the boy looked at his father with fascination and wonder.

"No my child, not all of them. In fact very few of them like me or my brethren."

"But if it is your home wouldn't you get along? Even if it is not real?" Arcana asked

"No, we are many different families put together. Although some of us get along and work well with each other, there are some who we absolutely despise. Not for any one thing but for the many that they have done and will without a doubt do. For instance, I am an Sangeili and my kind fights with honor and skill. The brutes fight with strength, brutality and care nothing about honor." The boy nodded his head in understanding.

Although he was a child, Arcana understood many concepts and made sure he remembered everything that was said to him. His father was telling him a fact and he would take it to the heart. That meant he had to avoid the brutes and stay close to the Elites. He hadn't met any brutes just yet but the way his father spoke about them meant there was more then he was letting on. He wasn't going to push on the matter. He trusted the Elite's wisdom and if he didn't trust someone than he would trust that judgment.

Orion turned his head when he felt a presence appoche him. There before him stood a female Sangheili in gold armor. So, thought Orion, we have Ship Mistress.

"Hello to you, Special Ops Commander Orion 'Tsudame(1)", she said

"Hello to you, Ship Mistress.", At this point, the female looked past Orion and peered at Arcana.

"So, this is the human you speak of."

"He is."

The female seemed to soak everything about the child. From the darkness of his hair to the paleness of his skin. Her eyes paused at every bandaged wound and every visible bruise. It was as if she were

looking at a human for the very first time. Her examination ended when she locked eyes with the child before her. To her they appeared as pools of emeralds, reflecting and shining, swirling and glistening when the light catches it just right. She broke the contact and turned to Orion.

"I am ShireVe 'Lumimde. It is an honor."

"As am I."

Orion could not stop the purr from passing his mandibles. He was immensely pleased with this female. She was definitely not like Chur'R-Yar. This one was intelligente, understanding, and incredibly Female. She sees the human as a youngling. Most would not have hesitated to kill him. They parted ways. They were almost there.

To Arcana, the sangheili named ShireVe was pretty. He only saw the color gold once on tv. She wasn't his father, his angel, but she was pretty. The ride had suddenly become bouncy and Arcana closed his eyes so he didn't have to strain his self. It was over very soon and Arcana stole a look from the side window and saw a massive city with hundreds of pink, purple and blue lights. They had arrived.

"Welcome, Arcana, to your new home." The small boy who had no hope smiled at his father

The ship docked and the crew got ready to get off. Orion nodded his head to Kaihu and the hunter stood up and cradled Arcana in the shield arm; thankfully he was small enough so that he would not be seen. Everyone except the Elites and the Hunters went their own ways to rest. Orion led the way to the sangheili's "dorm", where only the sangheili and a selected few were allowed.

Orion stopped and stepped into a large room, it had a control panel in the center, there were several pods with tinted windows along the wall where some Elites were sleeping and it was colored with pinks and blues, unlike the human's dull grey and silver. Orion took Arcana from the Hunter and placed him on the ground. The child was fascinated with his surroundings.

"This is where I'm going to stay? Will you stay here too, papa?" he asked his father

"Yes, this is the 'lounge' and until I find a much more suitable environment, this is where you and I will be staying. I will be getting some new things for you as well, so Jaren, Ohba, Obata, and Nequra will be staying with you for a little while. They better do a good job of keeping you busy, if not tell me and I'll make them wear grey." The child laughed and said that he would

The white Elite left with Navvi, Ryoku and Setrae to talk one of the Councilors. He gave orders for Zhou and Kaihu to guard the door and let no one in until he returned. Nequra left to get a medic and Jaren started to talk to Arcana to try to keep him busy. No one wanted to see if Orion was just kidding when he meant he was going to get them to wear grey. It was such an ugly human color.

****Scene Break****

The walk to the councilor felt like a mile for the Sangeili. They were feeling tense and they knew one wrong word or phrase could send them and Orion's plan plummeting. So when they entered the councilor's quarters, they did not know what the outcome would bring.

"It is good to see you alive and well Commander Orion." Said the Councilor without looking at them

"I am honored to have your concern. However, there is something that I had wished to speak with you about."

"If it has something to do with your recent mission, do not concern yourself with the details. We have already begun devising another strategy to take down the humans." Sneered the superior sangheili.

_"It does not." _

"Than speak."

_"I have been in battle with the humans for a while and it has dawned on to me that we know very little about them other than their way of fighting." _

_"What does it matter other than the way they fight?", _the Councilor turned to look at them

"I had started to think that maybe, just maybe there was something we could use against them. Perhaps there is something that influences the way they fight. I do not know if you would approve, since obtaining such information would not only be difficult but long."

"What did you have in mind?"

"I had thought if we raided a few human colonies and then studied those items to the fullest, then perhaps something might turn up. The humans do have sources of information lying around as well. The whole concept would basically consist of gathering large sums of items and information then analyze them. When the process is complete than there may be a way to lessen their fighting ability. It would make them easier to defeat." Finished Orion.

Now was the moment of truth. The Councilor looked thoughtful. For a long moment, there was absolute silence. Then...

"This might work to our advantage."

He knew nothing about Orion's true purpose and pretending to be looking for a flaw within the humans would be easy enough. Besides he would need the research to raise Arcana. Things were going according to Orion's plans.

_"Very well, Commander. When you are able to leave, do so with a group you know would do well by you. Since this mission would take much longer than the average, we are giving you permission to use one of the more advanced starships. You can take either The Bleeding Scourge or The Vengeful Scimitar. There would be no need to waste your time coming back and forth from long distances when you can do

the analysis onboard your ship. However, this home will always be open to you when you are in dire need of it. May the Stars and the Gods watch over you." _

_"And to you, Councilor." _

Orion bowed his head in respect then left with Navvi and Ryoku at his side. When they were well on their way to the sangheili's dorm, did Orion let go of the breath he was holding.

"_I have never been so terrified_._"_ Ryoku said

"_Indeed. After we are gone, things should be easier. I still fear the political difficulties hiding beneath the surface. Unfortunalty, we can do nothing."_ Replied Orion

"_It would be best if we looked after Arcana before we try saving the Covenant from itself."_ Added Navvi

"_We will be staying here for a few days to recuperate from the mission. After that, we'll gather those who were on that mission and a few trusted others to ensure our survival." _

The others agreed with Orion's plan. They arrived back at the lounge, stopped and blinked at the sight before them. Apparently, the sleeping sangheili had woke up and weren't expecting to see a human child to be laughing with one of their own. Arcana wasn't expecting to see an sangheili without their armor and stared back at them.

However, after the shock wore off, the medic had gone, questions were asked and introductions were made. Of course, Arcana seemed like a magnet that you couldn't stay away from. So, they watched as the unarmored sangheili pranced, prowled and played around with the childas if he were one of their own. They had him laughing and giggling like a normal five year old kid.

"Papa!" yelled the boy, snapping Orion out of his shock.

Arcana had noticed his father standing in the doorway and abruptly stopped to tackle him.

"Papa! Your back!"

"It is good to see you making friends, Arcana. However, we will need to stay here for a few days. I hope you do not mind." The child shook his head and grinned.

"Good, now why don't we settle you in one of the sleeping chambers. After today and due to your condition, you need to get some rest." Orion dully noted the growls he heard when he mentioned Arcana's 'condition'. It seems they had been filled in on the situation without him.

Arcana pouted but did as he was told. Although he was having a lot of fun, he knew his father was right. He was sore, tired and his back stung. Orion and the others made sure he ate some of the rations on the ship so he wasn't very hungry. He let Orion led him to one of the strange machines behind the control panel. It sprang to life when Ryoku activated it.

The machine detached itself from the wall then slowly laid itself out flat. The mechanics that it was attached to made it seem like it was hovering in the air when it was being held there. When the window opened out, Arcana peered inside. The inside was a mixture of pink and purple and reminded him of a cradle.

Setrae pulled out the supplies they stole for Arcana. They placed the pillows and the blankets inside. Then Orion gently placed Arcana inside. The boy smiled at his father before making him self comfortable. When Arcana was lying down, Orion gently pulled the sheets up to Arcana's chin.

"Night, Papa." Arcana whispered changing back into the shy and timid human Orion had first met.

"Sleep well child. I'll be watching over you."

When the boy closed his eyes and had fallen fast asleep, the machine closed the window and was dragged inside a hidden chamber. Instead of moving back upright in its original position, the pod stayed flat. When it was all the way inside the hidden room, the wall closed behind it and its existence disappeared.

Ryoku upped the security on Arcana's pod tenfold. Such security measure was usually used when a sangheili was either of high rank or had been injured while retrieving valuable information. Then set it to keep him asleep until midmorning the next day. After that the entire room irrupted into noise. The Elites were overly excited. It was rare that high ranking sangheili claim a children of thier own. Orion let out a screech and the room became quite.

"_My brethren this information must not reach beyond this room. The child's safety is threatened by humans and Covenant alike. I have claimed the child as my own and nothing will change my mind."

—

Orion looked at the Elites that woke up and demanded their names.

"_Altoy, Major ."_

"_Anorith, Ultra."_

"_Lotad, Major."_

"_Ralts, Stealth Specialist." _

"_We shall keep our word and speak only silence."_ Vowed the Elites

"_I thank you. Now, go about your normal task. You have my permission to give word to our brethren, the Elites, we have an Emerald Child. I have claimed him as my own and no one but our brethren must know. Take caution when you speak of this."_

The four Elites bowed their heads and Orion dismissed them. Orion let out a sigh and placed a hand over his head. He closed his eyes and counted to him self. When he was down he removed his hand and opened his eyes.

He was exhausted and was in dire need of some rest. Orion decided now was the best chance to get some rest. Ryoku activated one of the pods for him and Orion got in without bothering to remove his armor. When the pod closed, Orion welcomed the silence and fell fast asleep.

* * *

><p>Yes! This one is done. It has come to my attention, that summer programs are good for gaining experience but bad at giving me some free time. â€"Pouting-<p>

That's alright though, I think I can manage.

Here is a list for those who got lost/confused:

Major Elites: Nequra, Ryoku, Setrae, Altoy, and Lotad.

Minor Elites: Jaren, Navvi.

Special Ops Commander Elite: Orion

Stealth Specialist: Ralts

Ultra Elite(Higher than a Major): Anorith

Hunters: Zhou, Kaihu, and the Brothers Ohba and Obata

Harry Potter: Arcanaâ€|

If anyone noticed where I got the names for the four new elites, you've earned yourself a cookie!! Not just any cookie, a sugar cookie!! â€"Grins-

Anyway, please review!! Tell me how I'm doing!!

4. A Drastic Change

****My Emerald Child****

I don't own Harry Potter nor do I own Halo but I wish I owned Haloâ€|-pouts-

I can always dreamâ€|but the reality of that dream is â€"drum roll- I own this story!

-Evil laughter-

Anyway, Thanks for all the reviews and I hope you enjoy this chapter.

To one of my reviewers who I shall name Genius because you sound like one

I would like to thank you for reminding me that it is called High Charity. In case you were wondering, I did feel very stupid when I forgot that titleâ€|

My cousin said I should feel ashamed because I call myself a Halo

fanatic. "Crying in background-

I DO! I DO FEEL THE SHAME!! "Crying hysterically-

Dobby: -blank expression- Pull yourself together. You're making a mess on the floor!

Huh? Oh. Sorry. "Sniff- Dobby can I get a tissue.

Dobby: What do I look like your maid? Get it your self. "Walks away- -silence-

oO"WTF... Hermione"-growls- [disappears "screaming in background- Ignore the noise, its just the lab rats"please read and review.

Chapter Four: A Drastic Change

"_The Brave may not live long enough but the Cautious do not live at all." _

Orion took those words to heart. Every Elite took those words to heart. Although the phrase was vague and broad, its meaning held true. His plans had many unknown factors but he still strived to get what he wanted. So far he managed to convince the the Councilor that he was going to conduct some research on the entire human way of life. They could have easily denied him but they didn't.

Now he was on the largest and most sophisticated Warship the Covenant had ever built. He made sure it had all the things he would need. There were sleeping compartments, storage places, weapons, prison cells, and etcetera. When everything was loaded onto the ship, Orion had refused to allow any brutes to come with him. He had everyone from the previous mission, a few others he could trust, several medics and had Arcana snuck onboard.

It had been three whole days since they left High Charity and things were for the most part, peaceful. It had been a long time since he had ever felt true peace. Now that they were away from the Prophets, the brutes and the war, even for a little while, it felt really good.

Orion was looking up at the holographic screen that was looking for one of the human colonies. They were running low on supplies for Arcana and they needed to get some supplies soon. They had no intention of finding earth and if they did, well, the Prophets would be lucked out because they weren't getting that information.

Orion turned around when he heard his son laughing. Arcana was playing with one of the grunts or as Arcana called them, cousins. Just like Orion was his father, the grunts and jackals were his cousins, the hunters were his brothers and the Elites were his uncles.

At first it was strange having a human child around but now it felt"natural. Although they had to be very careful when they mentioned humans around him, Arcana was always happy. He would laugh and smile whenever he was awake. The only time he became afraid was when he saw a human, even if it was a picture, he became quiet and too terrified to talk. This angered the Covenant soldiers and

although they could do nothing about it, they made sure he was happy.

"Hi papa" Arcana greeted his father with a hug and a smile

"Hello my child. I trust you are well."

"Yeah, we're playing tag." Arcana said full of energy and smiled at his father before he was sent off to play with his cousins.

He knew his father was busy trying to make everything better so he didn't fuss when he couldn't play with him. Arcana knew when there was no longer a need to work, which would be soon, his father, would play with him. He could wait, after all he had been waiting for a family and now he had one. He wasn't going to screw this up.

Orion turned back to the screen and watched with a sinister grin as it locked on to its target. There on the screen was the image of a human colony, unprotected, unaware and seemingly safe. Orion barked out several orders and the Covenant ship quietly and stealthily made its way over to one of the more isolated villages.

****Scene Break****

The people of the liliad village had never seen an alien. They had known the war was going on but felt safe since the Master Chief was fighting for them. They didn't count on the fact that a Covenant warship was hanging over their heads. They had no means for defense, no way to contact the military unless they were passing through and no way to escape. The woods that surrounded the village were thick and full of wild animals. They weren't prepared for an attack or the aftershock.

When the ship was over the village, Orion ordered the camouflage to drop. When it did, everyone and everything in the village stopped. The ship loomed over the village and covered it in the darkness of its shadow. The people moved out of the open and watched as several alien soldiers dropped down with two large storage bins. The storage bins were five feet deep, eight feet long and hovered above the ground.

The people were so terrified they forgot how to scream, they just stood frozen. Orion took Altoy, Negura, Lotad, Ralts, Zhou, Kaihu and a handful of jackals with him into the village. He ordered the jackals, Zhou, and Kaihu, to stay with the storage bins while the Elites went around getting the things they would need.

Orion pulled out his sword and let out a deep growl. The people huddled close together and stayed unusually quiet. The silence bothered Orion to no end but he wasn't complaining. This would be called 'shocked silent' but since he wasn't human he wouldn't know that.

He looked over at the Elites as they gathered all sorts of foods for Arcana and placed it all in one bin, while the other would be for cloths and toys. Granted there were only four Elites doing all the gathering but Orion didn't want any of the jackals to accidentally kill one of the humans. This was a raiding mission not a massacring one.

Orion turned away from the Elites and looked around at the stores. When he spotted one for children's cloths he walked over to it and made sure he kept his sword out. After years of fighting, it was difficult for the battle hardened Elite to let things go. As he entered the store, Orion noticed the number of women and children cowering under tables and anything else they could find.

The white Elite looked for the boy's section, looked at the styles then, making sure to put his sword away, picked up a whole rack of shirts and took it to the bin. He ordered Altoy and Nequra to pick up the rest of the clothing Arcana would need. So while Orion went looking for a toy's store, the red Elites picked up racks and pills of shirts, jeans, shorts, underwear, t-shirts, socks and pajamas for Arcana.

When that task was done, which was done a lot faster because it was cloths and they could just toss it in the bin, they went to help Orion with the toys. They found him standing in the doorway, stiff as a statue.

"_Commander, is something wrong?"_ Nequra asked

"_Nequra, they're staring at meâ€|" _

The white Elites voice quivered as he spoke. When the red Elites made their way inside, they too froze where they stood. The walls were covered with shelves of Barbie dolls. Each one held a toothy smile, had unblinking eyes, and a dress. The dolls were arranged to look at the front door so that when little girls walked in they would be captivated. The keyword in that theory, would be girls, Elites were not classified as little girls and were not impressed by the dolls but rather deeply disturbed. (AN: I would be deeply disturbed too, if I walked in a store and had an army of dolls staring at me! shiver)

"There is no way those things are going on my ship."

"Agreed, Commander. I don't think Arcana would be too happy with those things staring him. I wouldn't be too happy having to carry them to the storage bin. Perhaps there are other ways to keep the child entertained." Whispered Altoy

The Elites slowly took their eyes off the dolls and looked around the store. They were relieved when they spotted toys for Arcana at the back of the store. They quickly left the doorway, just to escape the doll's stare, and began sorting through the toys. They packed toys cars, trains, card games, board games, marbles, jacks, children's books and lots of teddy bears. There was one that caught Orion's eye. He picked up a plushy black teddy bear with a green bow tie and a stitched green nose. He would personally give this to his child.

When both storage bins were somewhat full, the Elites went back for more supplies to get them full, and then they grouped together and were lifted back up into the ship. The ship ascended into the sky and disappeared from the human eye. In the village, the people waited a whole ten minutes before moving from there finding places. They were still alive, their village was till intact, and they just got robbed. At that split second, when they realized what had happened, chaos broke out. The shop owners were cursing Orion and his crew for not

paying and the shoppers were complaining about poor security measures. The elders of the village could be found shaking their heads and muttering about the end of days.

****Scene break****

When they returned to the ship, Nequra was in charge of putting the stored items in order. Orion went looking for Arcana who was playing with Ryoku in the halls. Orion hid the bear behind his back before Arcana saw it and went sprinting down the hall towards him. Orion bent down as the boy wrapped his arms around the Elite's neck and held him with his free arm.

"Papa, you're back! Did everything go like you wanted?"

"Yes, child, everything went well and there is someone I want you to meet."

"Are they nice?" asked the little boy in a timid voice. Orion suppressed a growl.

Instead of telling him, Orion pulled the teddy bear in front of Arcana. The boy's face lit up with delight. His father had gotten him a present and it wasn't even his birthday! Arcana pulled the bear into a tight hug then jumped the white Elite. He was crying, smiling and hugging his father all at once. Orion was shocked by Arcana's sudden reaction. But with the way he was treated, he wouldn't be surprised if the damn humans that harmed him refused to give him anything.

"There now, how about you give this one a name?" the white Elite asked his son

Arcana looked at his teddy bear thoughtfully. He turned the bear upside down, back to front and side to side. The raven haired youth grinned

"His name will be Teddy!"

Orion didn't say anything about the child choice for a name. Orion patted his son on the head and ushered him to the dining hall. Once everyone had eaten their fill, they went back to their post. Arcana followed his father with Teddy held in his arms. Orion meet up with Nequera half way to the hanger. The red Elite had one of the toy cars in one hand and a remote control in the other. Orion took the control and gave it to Arcana.

Arcana was lead to the hanger, where Nequera put the toy car on the floor and showed the child how the controls worked. After a brief lesson, Arcana had the toy car zooming in and out of crevices and corners. The grunts had also joined the game and were chasing the small toy without any real intentions of doing so.

When the raven haired boy got tired of the game, Nequera introduced him to several other games until Arcana yawned in the middle of a game of Candy land. Orion picked up his son and carried him to his sleeping pod. However, before going to bed, Nequera handed him a children's book titled, "Green Eggs and Ham". (AN: I love this book! You can make fun of me all you want but I'm proud to admit, I like Dr. Seuss.)

As he read the book out loud, Arcana slowly drifted to sleep with Teddy held tightly in his arms. Orion stopped reading when he noticed his son fast asleep. He gently brushed aside some loose strands of hair.

"Sleep well, my child."

Orion watched as the pod soundlessly closed. He felt his chest swell with something. He didn't know what he was feeling. Was it love, pride, happiness or something so powerful that it cannot be named?

****Scene Change****

The next day, Arcana decided to play jacks with his father. So far, Orion was losing badly. His son had beaten him eight times in row! Who ever thought it was possible to lose to a five year old? Anyway, everyone was doing their share of work or play. The Covenant soldiers were either patrolling the ship, keeping watch for enemy ships or playing with Arcana.

Orion had been called to the control room so he left his son with Kaihu, who was currently carrying the boy on his shoulder. They were standing on the balcony level in one of the hangers watching the jackals wrestle with each other. Things were going well until Ohba and Obata came around. They were playing around with each other and weren't paying attention to how close they were getting to Kaihu.

During the scuffle, Obata tricked his brother into charging. Obata dodged the charge but Kaihu was right behind him and was nearly thrown from the balcony. He managed to keep his self up right but Arcana had fallen over. The boy screamed out and held Teddy close to his body hoping someone caught him.

The soldiers watched in horror as the child fell. The jackals could break his fall but he would still get hurt. Navvi and a few other Elites were in the hanger and had moved to try and catch him before he hit the ground. Much to everyone's shock, Arcana stopped mid fall. Arcana slowly opened his eyes when he noticed he wasn't falling. When he did, he yelped and then he was falling again but Navvi managed to get under him and interrupt his meeting with the floor.

"Child, are you alright? Does anything hurt?"

The Elite spoke in a rush mistaking the boy's whimper a sound out of pain and not fear. Navvi turned away from the other Elites and headed for the healing station, he was sure one of the medics would take good care of him. On the way there however, he ran into Orion. He quickly took his son from Navvi and demanded to know what happened. Arcana clung to his father as Navvi retold what had happened.

"Please don't send me back." He whispered.

Orion stopped walking when he heard the whispered plea. He looked down at his son and saw the fear etched on his face and knew. He couldn't explain how but realization hit him hard. The power that had saved his son was the same power that made his relatives hate

him.

"Hush now, you're not going anywhere. Just because you are gifted with an ability does not mean you are evil or a monster. Your ability saved you from much harm, you should be proud to have such a gift."

Arcana didn't say a word, he just clung to his father like his life depended on it. Orion held his son tightly to his chest. After a medic looked him over and found no injuries, he decided it was time for bed. After reading the rest of "Green Eggs and Ham" in which Arcana fell asleep hugging Teddy, Orion himself went to rest. The white Elite knew without a doubt that his son's ability would change everything. Orion just didn't know how right he was.

Go on press the button. The one on the left hand corner...you know you want to...press it...press 'ok'...there you go...now Review!

5. Encounters Revised

****My Emerald Child****

My Lovely readers, I am proud to give you an addition to this wonderful story!

Not only have I eluded suspicion but I have found an alternative to such sneakiness. Granted, I'm still being sneaky since my mom doesn't know but I can do it without looking over my shoulder!

Now here is Chapterâ€|errâ€|five?

Shinigami: Youâ€|never mind, I like my head exactly where it is.

Good for you. Anyway, this is Chapter Five! I feel awesome.

* * *

><p>Chapter Five: Encounters (REVISED)<p>

The next morning, everyone eagerly waited for Arcana to wake up. They were excited that the boy had a gift, a strange and foreign gift but a gift nonetheless. When Orion walked out with a sleepy eyed Arcana, holding Teddy, everyone was smiling and congratulating the boy on receiving his gift. Arcana found it strange that they were happy for him but his father told him that having a gift, or magic, as humans called it was a beautiful thing. His father suggested that he try to control it so that it could help him when he could not help himself.

Arcana had asked Orion if he had a gift. Orion said he did not have one but that there were records of it, very few records but records either way. Arcana had been tense most of the day but his father and everyone else were constantly reassuring him that they did not hate him and other such things. The day was going smoothly until Orion was called to the control room on business.

Orion looked down at his son and told him he had to stay with his

brothers. The hunters were given a warning/threat that if anything happened to Arcana like the previous incident then Arcana would not have any brothers for a _long_ time.

Arcana and his brothers went to the hanger and decided to play it safe. In other words, Arcana played with the grunts while the hunters watched because they were too afraid to get in trouble. Meanwhile, things weren't looking so good in the control room.

"Commander, enemy ship approaches." Shouted Anorith

"Prepare to jump; I don't care about the coordinates. Just get us away from here and the rest of the covenant. Where there are humans there is the covenant and both are a threat! Don't respond to any of their communications."

"Unidentified spacecraft, you aren't coming up on our database. Respond."

"Don't answer them! Get us out of here, now!" Orion shouted. He didn't need a battle here and now. Not with his son onboard and not when things were starting to look up.

"Unidentified spacecraft respond or we'll open fire."

"Commander, preparations for the jump are nearly complete."

—

"Unidentified spacecraft, this is your last warning. Respond or we will open fire."

"Commander, they have us locked on!"

Orion was tense but refused to back down. They weren't expecting the covenant to reach this far but they couldn't tell if the ship belonged to the covenant. As a last resort Orion called his for his son. When the Hunters brought him in, Orion told him to talk to the computer. So Arcana got real close to the computer just as Anorith showed the count down up on the screen.

"Hello?"

There was silence over the connection. The soldiers weren't expecting a kid to respond. This is exactly what Orion wanted; all he needed was some time to stall. The ship was massive, so it took longer to prepare a blind jump than he would have liked but the humans didn't need to know that.

"Hello?" Arcana asked the computer again. He was confused by all the buttons and colors but he didn't understand what he was supposed to talk about to a computer.

"Who is this?" A strange voice asked

"Is this the computer?" he asked with every bit of the five year old curiosity he possessed.

"No, kid, this is Sergeant Morris. I'm a marine. Is there anyone else there with you?"

"â€|maybeâ€|are you sure this isn't the computer playing with me?"

"I'm sure, kiddo. Now you have to tell me, what is going on? I can help you get home but I have to know what's going on, okay?"

"Okayâ€|" Arcana was starting to feel very uncomfortable.

He didn't know that the soldiers had just called for their captain and that he was now their primary objective. Arcana looked at his father, who was smiling at him, and then he looked back at the screen, where the countdown came closer to an end.

* * *

><p>Spartan-117, also known as Master Chief, stood next to Lieutenant Keyes, daughter of Captain Jacob Keyes and a group of highly respected strategist and the Captain of the ship, William Crow. In front of them was a holographic screen provided by Cortana, showing the covenant ship ready to jump blindfolded.<p>

"The Covenant?" asked the Master Chief

"We don't know. It could be abandoned or there are just very few survivors." Answered Cortana

"Captain, we have a response!" The soldier's voice sounded excited and afraid at the same time.

The occupations noticed it and immediately opened the connection so they could hear the conversation. Everyone paled when they heard the voice of a five year old boy talking to one of their soldiers.

"What is your name?"

"â€|Arcanaâ€|"

"Where are your parents?"

"They're dead."

Everyone gasped. It's not everyday you hear a child say their parents are dead so casually. It made a person think, what kind of things that child had been through, to make death seem so insignificant. It sent shivers down the crew member's backs just thinking of the possibilities. As quickly as they could, they pushed such thoughts to the back of their minds and focused on the boy on the other line.

"â€|Is there anyone else with you?" There was a pause before the boy hurriedly replied.

"I don't feel like talking anymore." His voice shock with fear as he realized he was talking to a complete stranger through the computer.

"Its okay if you don't want to talk about people around you. What do you feel like doing?"

"I'm hungry. If I press this pretty button, will I get to eat?"

"NO! Don't press anything on the computer."

"Why not? I'm hungry and I don't feel like talking especially to someone I can't see."

"That's okay, how would you like it if someone else talked to you? Someone you could see?" There was silence over the connection. A low rumbling sound reached their ears, almost like a growl.

"Who is with you?"

"My Captain, the other crew members, and the Master Chief are with me."

"Why can't I get off? I'm hungry and this is boring." At this point, Lieutenant Keyes interrupted the conversation.

"What do you like to do for fun? I bet some of the crew members would like to play a few games before we have to take you back---"

"NO! I won't go back to them! Go away. I don't want to go with you! How do you turn this off? I don't want to talk to them anymore!"

The crew panicked and Cortana decided to step in to see what she could do. Although it was obvious the boy wasn't alone on the ship. She tried to hack her way in but was stopped short. The ship's defense mechanisms had kicked in and she was presented with fire wall after fire wall. Just as she started to make progress, it was gone. The connection, the boy and the ship were gone. They had just jumped into space, right out of their hands and into the unknown.

* * *

><p>Done! Well, with that chapter anyway. Sorry it took so long I didn't have a safe internet connection. "Sheepish smile-

So what do you think? I know I probably messed up the rankings but it was the best I could do because for some strange reason I can't remember the right order. Anyway, please review

6. Trust the Enemy: Part 1

****My Emerald Child****

Here is the next chapter! Sorry it took so long but I was really busy.

This one is nice and LONG! Hope you enjoy. Read & Review!

* * *

>Chapter 6: Trust the Enemy<p><p>

Arcana grinned behind the bush. He crouched low and stayed unseen as Lotad and Jaren walked slowly by his hiding spot. They had been

playing a sketchy version of the game tag all day and Arcana was winning. He felt Teddy tense, preparing to launch out and crash into the unsuspecting Elites. Arcana waited a few more seconds beforeâ€¦|

"NOW!"

In an instant, Teddy jumped from his master's back and latched onto Jaren's face, screeching all the while. Arcana took this opportunity to tackle Lotad to the ground. Teddy's screeching was always a great distraction. Jaren struggled to fend off the annoying fur ball that was attached to his face with out success. Arcana used Emerald to hold his opponent to the ground, effectively preventing Lotad from helping his comrade.

The Elites gave up. They had their pride crushed by their nephew and his deranged teddy bear. Arcana smiled. Even after five years, he still maintained an annoying sweet, innocent look that everyone fell for. Lotad noticed that the sun was setting and had the others head back to the ship.

Orion watched as the group made their way onboard and sighed in satisfaction. The past few years have been so _peaceful_. Arcana had grown into a healthy 10 year old boy. The scars of the past linger but generally remain forgotten. He had gotten used to using his magic, becoming comfortable having it as a significant part of him. The boy even gave it a name, Emerald, how predictable.

The white Elite watched as Arcana argued with Teddy over an apple. Orion shook his head. Teddy, the black bear made real by Arcana's magic, had helped in Arcana's recovery a great deal. The bear was so real it even ate real meat! Orion didn't want to think about the time Teddy started talking, threatening to be more exact.

**Flashback **

_"Come on Teddy; let's show Papa you can talk now." _

_Arcana's voice drifted down the hall. Orion looked up from the files he was working on for the Covenant when his six-year-old son walked in. Behind Arcana was Teddy walking towards him with his hand in Arcana's. _

"_Look Papa! Teddy can walk now!" _

Orion stared in dumb silence. Weren't teddy bears supposed to be Unreal? When Orion asked how Arcana smiled.

"_Emerald did it for me. Emerald made Teddy real! Emerald can make Teddy really big, watch."_

_Before Orion could say anything, Arcana's magic simmered around the boy's hand. It glowed brightly before engulfing the bear. Orion watched in shock as the bear began to grow in size and then right before Orion's eyes stood a full-grown Black Bear! However, Orion noticed the massive creature before him had some sort of battle armor that seemed to gleam an eerie black. It covered the beast's neck like a collar and reached over its chest, its legs had armor plates and metallic claws over its natural ones. The bear also had a headpiece that covered the top of its head and reached down to its nose. There

were also long metallic fangs, one on each side of its head. It truly looked ferocious._

"_That isâ€¦impressive." Orion told his son with an approving nod.

_

_It was easy to deduct who Emerald was. You would have to be blind not to notice the color of the boy's magic. Before Orion could think more on the matter, Teddy gave a beastly roar and stood on his hind legs. Orion tensed unconsciously as Teddy brought a huge paw over the white Elite's head andâ€¦ touched his head. Orion stared at Teddy with a perplexed look. _

"_Look, papa! Teddy is saying you're good! That's a smart Teddy." Orion forced a smile._

"_Hello, Teddy." To his son, Orion said, "I just finished some workâ€¦would you two like to go outside and play?" Arcana nodded enthusiastically. _

"_Go put on proper clothing." When Arcana left, Teddy lingered._

"_My brother, you treat well." snarled the massive beast, "Treat my brother wellâ€¦or Teddy get mad. Mad Teddy crush bad papa."

_

_Although the words were slightly broken, the message was quiet clear. With one final snarl, Teddy left Orion alone. The white Elite shivered. 'What have I gotten myself into?' _

****End Flashback****

The white Elite turned away from his memories and looked into the distance. His gaze traveled from the beach, to the dense forest, and pictured the hidden structures that lay somewhere within them. His eyes followed every curve and ragged edge of the surface before daring to look up at the sky. Orion glared at the creation of the Forerunners, the Halo.

Orion was brought back from such thoughts when he heard someone calling his name. Orion turned to face a concerned looking Anorith. The white Elite instantly became tense, even after all these years; it was hard for the Elite to shake his fear of discovery.

"What is wrong?"

"You are needed in the control room."

Anorith spoke calmly but his eyes betrayed how he truly felt. Orion could see the fear that threatened to break him. Without question, the white Elite lead the way to the control room, silently praying they weren't due for any unsuspecting guests.

Early the next morning, Arcana convinced Zhou to play kick ball with him and Teddy. When they got outside, Teddy transformed so Arcana could ride on his back. When Arcana threw the ball high overhead, the game had begun.

Albus Dumbledore stared into the parchment, he knew Harry would be

turning eleven very soon. When he did, he would be ready. Even after all this time, the old man had not given up hope that the boy was alive. Such power could not simply vanish. No, Dumbledore would not accept the death of one Harold James Potter without a body.

He failed to notice, the dark look from the portraits. They knew this headmaster's desire all too well. They knew how far he was willing to go to claim the power that was not his and they would not allow for the wizard to succeed. The prophecy will be upheld. The Dark Lord will be vanquished and the Headmaster will know no more.

As far as Arcana was concerned, the world was his playground. For the most part he was right. However, Fate decided it was time for this little boy to get into the action. So when Zhou hit the ball a little too hard and it mysteriously disappeared, he thought nothing of it. The happy trio went trampling through the forest until they came to a clearing.

Teddy spotted the shiny yellow ball and ran after it. The group went deeper and deeper into the forest until they lost sight of the ball, again.

"I believe it is time we head back, Arcana." Zhou looked around cautiously. The Hunter did not like feeling vulnerable. The forest was far too silent.

"Can I get my ball back?"

"Let's hurry."

Arcana nodded. It didn't take long before they entered another clearing. Zhou stiffened at the sight before them. The Hunter's senses were assaulted by a foul scent. He instantly wanted to leave this place. Zhou glared at the ancient structure before him.

"Wow! This place is huge! Let's go inside Teddy."

"No! We came to get your ball. It is not here, so let us look elsewhere." As Zhou made to turn around, Arcana cried out.

"My ball, I see it! I see it!"

Teddy pounced toward the ball, exactly where the entrance stood wide-open. Unfortunately, they stopped too late and ran into the ball. As it bounced away, they gave chase. They were so concentrated on the toy, they didn't hear Zhou shout. The Hunter followed right behind them and sent a distress call to Orion. Things continued to get worse.

Arcana and Teddy followed their toy down a number of flights until they entered a massive chamber with a single landing platform. The ball rolled to the other side of the room, with Teddy, Arcana and Zhou trailing not far behind. When Teddy and Arcana crossed the center, it activated and lifted them straight into the bowls of the structure. Zhou was too late and was left behind. The Hunter gave a frustrated roar. He could do nothing but wait for the lift to return. Jumping down to his death would do no good.

Arcana quickly looked up in time to see Zhou made into a mere spec. He looked back at where his ball rolled off to and noticed how it

teetered on the edge before successfully disappearing. Arcana held onto Teddy's armor. When the lift finally came to a stop, the two quickly got off and the lift descended further.

Teddy looked around and listened for some sign of life; he found none. Arcana was instantly on guard. He knew he got himself in trouble. It was so quiet. A shiver ran through Arcana and he quickly decided it would not be wise to stay in one place. Slowly, Teddy moved forward. Senses on high-alert; they could tell something was terribly wrong. 'This place is so quiet. So deadly quiet.' thought Arcana.

"Arcanaâ€¦I don't think this place was meant to have visitorsâ€¦" whispered Teddy

Arcana could only nod. He didn't trust his voice at the moment. The hall was extremely quiet and made the duo very uncomfortable. Teddy's eyes scanned anything he could. Peering at darkened corners and empty rooms, they found not a living soul. Arcana found his self jumping at the slightest noise and looking over his shoulders.

To the ten year old, the present moment disappeared. He was trapped within a hellish nightmare that wasn't supposed to exist. Shadows moved of their own accord, voices existed without owners and people without faces were bent on tormenting him. For a brief moment, fear that only existed from his past found its way back to him. Arcana began to question his ability to survive. He estimated the possible outcomes and which included death.

"Do you hear something?"

A loud hiss had brought him from his rampaging thoughts. Teddy came to an abrupt halt and they looked around for the source of the noise. Arcana glanced behind them and locked his gaze on a figure at the far end of the hall. He frowned. He could tell the figure was human or at least he guessed that's what it was supposed to resemble.

"...Teddy? Are humans supposed to look sick and disfigured like that guy down the hall?"

Teddy whipped his massive head around to look behind him and stared at the figure. The bear took a whiff at the air and noticed a foul smell coming from the figure. It only took a moment for it to register what that scent really was. Flesh. Decaying flesh from a creature long dead. A creature that stood right down the hall, standing and among the living.

Just as Teddy's body tensed, the figure turned in there direction. A flash of emotion flickered in its eyes: Hunger. Arcana, recognizing the look in its eyes, screamed and Teddy ran. Arcana held on to his bear as they practically flew down the corridor. Teddy didn't look behind him, he didn't have to. He could almost feel the creature's lust on his hide'.

Arcana looked over his shoulder. He could clearly see the figure's deteriorating flesh and missing limbs. Its face twisted with a look of agony and fear. Arcana wasn't aware of what he was doing. He didn't notice the simmering coat of magic that covered him. He locked eyes with the creature. All around, time slowed and Arcana lost his self deep within the bowls of Hell-or what was left of

it.

â€|_Painâ€|â€|Darknessâ€|â€|Hopelessnessâ€|Breatheâ€|_

â€|_Lightâ€|Gone...Freedomâ€|so closeâ€|Lostâ€|Breatheâ€|_

â€|_A mistakeâ€|A Cureâ€|so
closeâ€|Breatheâ€|_

â€|_Screamâ€|Agonyâ€|so
closeâ€|Failedâ€|Endlessâ€|_

...Breatheâ€|â€|Creationâ€|Sinâ€|Destructionâ€|â€|Revengeâ€|

â€|_Coldâ€|Emptyâ€|Breatheâ€|_

â€|_Oblivionâ€|â€|Silenceâ€|â€|Breatheâ€|_

â€|_Nothingâ€|_

Arcana was threshed back to reality with a scream. He tore his eyes away from the infected and held his head close to Teddy's shoulder. He screamed a long agonized scream. He didn't stop to look around. He didn't notice when the Flood creatures appeared from their burrows. Or when Teddy plowed right through them with all the muscle and untamed rage he was created with.

Orion practically jumped out of his skin. He had brought a few warriors with him to try and retrieve Arcana. They had just entered the structure's lower level chamber when they heard a frightening scream. A scream from Arcana, Orion opened his mouth and let out a horrible scream of his own, followed by his warriors. Their screams echoed after Arcana's and were equally if not more frightening.

With a heart full of rage and bloodlust, Orion ordered his men to move forward. They would not allow the Flood to feast on him. The battle had begun and they were hungry for victory-they would accept nothing less.

Master Chief froze where he stood. The marines that followed close by also came to a sudden stop. They could hear the harsh screams that echoed from somewhere around them.

"That was a human scream-a child! Master Chief, how could a child possibly find their way into a place like this?"

He didn't know how to respond to Cortana. He wasn't big on words. He preferred to use actions, they spoke louder. He withdrew his rifle and quickly loaded it. Making a sharp left, the Spartan headed in the direction he believed the child's scream emitted from. He didn't know what he was getting into and he didn't know what to expect. All he knew was that there was a child, frightened and in danger.

'_I didn't expect to find a kid in a place like this.' _

His thoughts immediately took a dark turn. He would prevent the Flood from devouring him like Captain Keyes. He would and no one was going to stop him, not even the Prophets.

Unknowingly, Emerald, as it had been named, twirled and shifted in

glee. Things were going accordingly. Its host would be avenged. Such darkness would not be tolerated. He would not be please with having to return but his primary duty needs to be fulfilled. Emerald acknowledges its host's desires and his destiny; both will be given. Its host will not be violated nor enslaved again. The Dark One will be eliminated and the Old One will be sent into a most terrifying Oblivion-nothing and no one will interfere! Emerald would personally see to it.

* * *

>â€|hmmâ€|is it meâ€|or does Harry's magic seem a little possessive?<p><p>

Shinigami: what do you mean a little? Its hell bent on revenge!

Oops! Was that my fault? â€"Evil laughter- Hope you liked it. I'll get the next one up as soon as I finish revising itâ€|and comparing it to a second version that I madeâ€|yeahâ€|

â€|Anyway, Review! YES, YOU â€"points finger at reader- REVIEW!!!

7. Trust the Enemy: Part 2

Hey I'm back!!! Sorry it took so long. I came across some minor troubles but no worries!!! I still plan on updating this so ha to the non believers!!!

Shinigami: Amazingly, she's doing this after almost dying of a coughing fitâ€|

â€|I was sick for a little bit but I'm better nowâ€|and you CANNOT die from COUGHING!!!

Read and Review!!!

Chapter: Coming together

* * *

><p>"Forgive me. I shall walk with frost and fire death and snow, but I will live." _

â€"La Muerta by Pablo Neruda

* * *

><p>Teddy didn't know how long he ran nor did he care. All he knew was that he had to get away. All he knew was that he had to keep Arcana safe. So, he ran with everything he had and with everything the Flood didn't have. But he knew he couldn't run forever. The tower had to end somewhere and he knew his path would eventually come to an end. He just hoped Orion got to them before the Flood didâ€|<p>

Unbeknownst to the giant bear, help would come in a very different form. He ran despite the way his lungs burned and the way his muscles

ached in protest. The corridors all looked the same and for what seemed like an eternity they were all he saw. Endless hallways, carbon copy doors, towering pillars, left turn, right turn-every place looking just like last.

Just then, the path became a straight one and the door to what is hopefully freedom, lay before them. Yet, it was not so. For when Teddy reached the end of the hallway, he found not a door but a hole that went down and no place to hide. There were no extra pathways, no hidden doors, not even a rock to crawl under. Teddy turned around to face the horde, the weight of his armor weighting heavily on his tired body, and prepared to die fighting.

He didn't hear the hum of an elevator or the familiar static of electricity. All his focus was on the swarm that was stampeding toward him. Teddy couldn't stand on his hind legs without throwing Arcana off his back, so he planted his feet firmly on the ground, inhaled a lung full of air, and roared.

Bullets flew past him and pierced the Flood with terrifying precision. Teddy didn't dare turn around for fear that the boy on his back would be hit by a stray. It turned out, he didn't have to, for the shadows behind him came forward until they surrounded him. They were humans—four smelly humans—but why were there five shadows?

"Since when did bears wear armor?" Hollered one

"What the hell is it doing here in the first place?" asked another and Teddy decided to retaliate. He turned to the human who asked the latter and snapped harshly.

"Since when did humans care about anything other than themselves?", his voice was gruff and beastly.

Silence meets his question and he could not blame them. It was not everyday, you come across a talking six hundred pound bear in an alien built temple, no less. Teddy turned his head to the fifth shadow, the one that didn't smell so human—it was a mixture of metal and grass. What met him was a humanoid figure colored green, and whose eye was a golden-yellow that reflected Teddy's own image. This thing was powerful, he could smell it. This one was definitely the Alpha of this group.

"Since when did bears talk?" responded the Alpha

Teddy didn't get a chance to respond because at that moment, a certain someone was waking up. Arcana knew he was awake but didn't open his eyes. Instead, he used his hand to grip whatever he was lying on, which happened to be fur, a lot of fur. The boy sighed in relief; he knew only one thing so furry and nuzzled his face into the warmth of his Teddy.

"T-teddy?"

"I am here Little One. How are you feeling?"

"Tired. I want to go home."

Arcana slowly opened his eyes and looked up at Teddy. His friend

looked tired and ready to fall flat on the floor. He sat up on Teddy's back before looking up to the sound of a gasp. To Arcana's horror, he was surrounded by four humans! He quickly looked away and whimpered. He had vague memories of his relatives and although he knew he was safely away from them, the thought of the cruelty that humans are capable of sent shivers down his spine.

Master Chief froze in his place. He was completely shocked to see a kid in this kind of place. He was puzzled by how terrified the kid was of the soldiers. Chief decided to step into Arcana's line of vision to see his reaction and was met with the brightest green eyes he ever saw. (Yes, go Green-Eyes!!! Woohoo!!) Arcana turned in his seat, to look at the Spartan fully. To Arcana, the Chief looked alien and from how Emerald was behaving, twirling and dancing around the Spartan like a kid high on candy, Arcana decided it was a good idea to trust him.

* * *

><p>"When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on."

â€"Franklin D. Roosevelt

* * *

><p>Orion stalked down another corridor, getting frustrated by the minute. His son was lost in this damn place and he couldn't find him! The other Elites followed close by, all on high alert for Flood parasites. They had made it through several hordes alive which was all thanks mostly to Orion's relentless bloodlust and obvious rage at the loss of his son. As Orion thought more about Arcana he could not help but recall at times when the only sound that could be heard was Arcana's laughter.<p>

Flash back

_Orion had been resting his eyes, more like sleeping, at his desk, when the door was flung open. The result ended with Orion being rudely awakened and on the floor looking up at the ceiling.

_

"_Papa! I need your help with this book. I don't understand what some of these words mean." _

_Orion blinked rapidly before turning to look at his son and the book he held delicately in his arms as if it were a precious jewel. Orion sat up on the floor and gestured with a lazy wave of his arm for the book. When Arcana showed him what he didn't understand, Orion woke up completely and stared with his mouth a gap. The white Elite could not help but stare at the graph before him. He could not help but question; Why the Hell was a seven year old reading about the human Reproductive System? _

"_Papa, I still don't understand, where do the babies come from?"

_

_The white Elite could not help but swallow the lump in his throat. For a moment he was completely lost before a smile graced his features. Orion took in a deep breath before bellowing like a madman.

—
"_SETRAE!" _

_End Flashback _

A light chuckle fell from his throat as the medic tried to explain mating to a seven year old without scarring the boy for life. The others under Orion's command looked at him strangely and for a moment feared for their leader's mental stability.

CLANK

Everyone stopped. This was without a doubt another horde and as they prepared themselves for a fight, all that they meet was silence. Orion narrowed his eyes up ahead, staring at what should be there but not. Slowly, he took a step forward and then another and then another. He stopped and listened, waiting, for what he didn't know. Orion's steel dissolved into nothingness when his ears were filled with the laughter of his son. He broke into a run, oblivious to his surroundings. It was only when he rounded a corner and was bombarded by bullets that he came back to himself.

Where was his son?!

He swore he heard him, he felt the pull of his son's magic. That could be the only explanation for him neglecting his surrounding. If his son was in this direction, then where-

"PAPA!!"

The noise stopped. Orion stood out in the open. He didn't know what he was thinking. After the whole ordeal was over, Orion would question his own mental capabilities and the consequences of his actions. But right now, all that mattered was his son.

Before him stood the Demon, alone, unbeknownst to Orion, the soldiers that were with him were killed along the way by the Flood. His son, however, stood holding the Demon's hand and hesitated before letting go and running toward Orion. When Arcana reached his father, he was scooped off the ground and held tightly to his father's chest. Orion, however, never took his eyes off the Demon. He didn't fire his rifle but that did not mean the Demon wouldn't kill him while he had a child in his arms.

"He saved me and Teddy. His name is John. He is really nice and Emerald likes him a lot!"

Arcana looked from his father to John and back. He noticed how tense both were and didn't like it. He didn't like how uncomfortable it got. He looked between the two adults and couldn't help but smile. His child mind, thinking child like things, could come up with only one solution. So, he looked at his father with watery green eyes and asked a seemingly innocent question.

"Can he come home with us?"

The two males could not help but look at the boy holding onto his teddy bear. Master Chief was the one to break the silence with a deep chuckle that seemed to vibrate off the walls. The white Elite

couldn't help but join in the laughter. The other elites couldn't help but gape at the sight before them. What do you do when an elite from the covenant and the Demon are NOT killing each other and laughing? It was safe to say that they were stunned speechless. When the laughter died down, Orion placed his son on the ground and turned to him,

"John, as you call him, is not a pet. He cannot be brought back with us."

"But he's really nice and Emerald is really happy that he found me."

Arcana could not help but whine. To him, it felt really nice that John was around him-even Emerald felt happy! The poor eleven year old, while experienced in things academic and horrific, he lacked knowledge of the sexual nature-other than child bearing-and the knowledge of intergalactic warfare. Of course Arcana was taught how to defend himself but that does not mean that he liked the idea of taking another's life.

Orion heaved a heavy sigh. He didn't want to tell his son that the Demon was allied with the humans. He didn't want to tell his son that the Demon was sworn to kill all Covenant soldiers in the name of those humans, those same humans who hurt him as a child. Orion looked into the eyes of his son and prepared himself for a confession that would hurt Arcana deeply. He never got the chance...

Before he could utter a word, Orion's arms, which were resting on Arcana's shoulders, were struck by a dark seam of magic-quick and painful. Orion howled in pain and released his grip on Arcana. The floor underneath his son morphed into a black circle and a cylinder of magic trapped Arcana in place. Orion didn't know what was going on but he did know that this was NOT his son's doing and as if by some dormant instinct he knew someone or something was taking his son away.

"PAPA! PAPA! WHAT'S GOING ON? PAPA! PAPA! MAKE IT STOP! PLEASE! PAPA!"

Arcana was screaming, wailing, for his father. But it was to no avail. Orion reached out a hand and was viciously burned. The elite pulled his hand back and hissed. Spartan 117 had no idea what was happening to the boy but he knew it wasn't good. He also didn't know why he was reaching his hand out when the elite was just burned but he was. His hand touched the wall of dark magic...and went right through! The Spartan could feel the heat seeping through his armor and into his skin. He didn't stop, he took a step forward, a step closer to Arcana. He took another step-why did his body feel so heavy? He needed to be faster than this! Faster to save the boy from...something!

He took another step, his entire right arm was inside the swirling vortex that surrounded Arcana. His armor sparked and groaned. He was so close...just inches away from Arcana's shoulder...just a little closer...

VROOM!

...the vortex disintegrated...

...Arcana was gone...

* * *

><p>OH SNAP!<p>

Where, oh, where did little Arcana go? We don't know! He didn't leave a forwarding address! Somebody tell the press! Of course, what one little boy, more or less?

...Hey! That rhymes!!!

Lol, REVIEW! Oh, and I need a Beta Any Volunteers?

8. The Coming

Here it isâ€|Here it isâ€|this is really short for a reason!

I'm sorry it took so long. I err, forgot about this one. I thought I put this one up already. Once again, SO SORRY! But the next one will make up for it, I promise!

* * *

><p>Chapter 8: The Comingâ€|<p>

"_The crack of doom is coming. Let it come, it doesn't matterâ€|"_

* * *

><p>Albus Dumbledore was a wizard who always got what he wanted, one way or another. He wanted fame-he fought Grindlewald. He wanted power-so he lived to become the Headmaster of Britain's greatest school of Magic. Now, however, in his pursuit for more fame, for more wealth, and more power, all he needed was one eleven year old boy-Harry Potter. The twinkle within the headmaster's eyes shone brightly against the dark that had engulfed the room. This room had upon its floor and walls, the markings of Runes-human and nonhuman.<p>

Dumbledore knew the consequence if anyone ever discovered what he planned on doing, which was to use dark magic to "summon" an individual or object to the caster. Such a task could kill the caster but it was for the good of the Light and for himself. _After all_, thought the headmaster, _the boy is destined to defeat the Dark Lord and he can't do that if he isn't here_.

The headmaster of Hogwarts then proceeded with his plan to bring the Potter child where he "rightfully belongs". Of course the foolish headmaster doesn't know just how in and over his head he really was. With a bit of wand-waving, Dumbledore had the Runes Master begin his chant-it wouldn't do for the Headmaster, a symbol of the Light, to be caught using dark magic, better let someone else take the fall for such acts.

The runes began to glow an eerie maroon red. The Headmaster quickly took his leave, waiting for his pawn to arrive, unaware of his own fate.

(skip)

The unfortunate wizard, left inside, was consumed by the ruins in one swoop. The violent torrent that resulted twisted and twirled, lifting the runes out of place.

Arcana didn't know where he was but he had Teddy and Emerald. He should be okay. He hoped he was okay. He didn't dare open his eyes. Emerald was angry, he could feel it. Something happened that wasn't supposed to. Whoever did it was going to be in _a lot_ of troubleâ€|

The magic slowly subsided, and when it finally did clear, Arcana appeared floating above the ground in a fetal position, cloaked in a protective forest green sphere. The new eleven year old clutched his bear tightly to his chest. He didn't open his eyes. He was too scared to even wipe away the tears that cascaded down his face. He wasn't safe. Somehow, he _knew_ he wasn't safe.

His magic cracked and crackled, insane and sane, alive and lifeless, cunning and careless. The room trembled at the amount of force used against the Powers. It was too soon. The connection had barely been established. It must be _corrected_.

The sphere that encased Arcana began to glow and (as if by magic. xD) the room was once again filled with runes, unrecognizable to mortal and immortal eyes. As the glow brightens exponentially, a haunting scream filled the air, tearing through the minds off all who were beyond the sealed enchanted door. As the light became blinding-it exploded!

Arcana lay on the ground, unconscious. There wasn't a single scratch on his bodyâ€|except for the faint glow on the palm of his handâ€|a connection to only one other...

â€|figureless silhouettes crouch around his formâ€|waitingâ€|protectingâ€|

â€|it was timeâ€|the game had begun...

9. Beware I Bite

Muhahahahahahahahahahahaâ€|

I have updatedâ€|and I only have one week until finalsâ€|errâ€|crapâ€|

Anyway, please enjoyâ€|

* * *

><p>"With courage you will dare to take risks, have the strength to be compassionate and the wisdom to be humble. Courage is the foundation of integrity."

__Keshavan Nair__

* * *

<p>Chapter 9: Bewareâ€|I Biteâ€|<p>

Hogwarts shook violently. The magic echoed throughout the halls, screaming, crying, and snarling like a beast torn from its mother. Immediately, all the attendants awoke startled. The sound tore at their very cores, shaking the magic that resided there. They felt the pull, the need to move and they fled from the comfort of their beds. The air was cold, to the point where they could see their breath in the air, and the summer heat did nothing to combat it.

They ran down familiar corridors, past empty classrooms, and beyond the dampness of the dungeons into the darkness. They let themselves be guided by the pulling at their core. The pictures were trembling, laughing, crying; insane. The ghosts twirled and twisted blundering incoherent words; a language forgotten, the time of their deaths replaying before their minds. It was as if the world of magic had been torn apart and stitched back up the wrong way.

When they arrived, they recognized two things. One: The headmaster was already there before them; with his eyes twinkling like crazy (I hate that thing. It sounds perverted!). At the sight of his eyes, Snape let out a quiet growl, there was without a doubt one of his plans, "For the greater good". Two: There was only one door in the entire corridor, which lookedâ€|bloated. This door was where the enormous amount of magic was coming from. That would explain why the door looked the way it did. The sheer power was forcing the door outward, off the hinges that held it in place. The walls were falling apart where it connected with the door. In fact, the cracks where the magic was seeping out from, expanded, broke apart, reconnected, and repeated until the entire corridor wall was forced from its position, into a large lethargic bulge, and ready to burst.

"Albusâ€|" came the quiet whimper of one transfiguration professor, Minerva McGonagall.

She stood behind the headmaster, body trembling from the cold, and had her loose hair falling onto her shoulders. With her was the Ancient Runes professor, Bathsheda Babbling, the Charms professor, Filius Flitwick, the Herbology professor, Pomona Sprout, the school nurse, Poppy Pomfrey and the Potions Master, Severus Snape. All wore their nightwear, covered by a flimsy cloak, and watched the wall filled with apprehension.

The wall just continued to stretch. It moved like rubber, stretching to the point of breaking, the ends were beginning to tear until they were merely hanging on by a nip. All that was needed was a speck of a push. Unconsciously, the group of wand users took a step backâ€|all except the headmaster. The wall groaned like a dying animal and in a whoosh, the magic compressed, and the wall returned to its original shape. Unfortunately, the wall did not last long. Within moments, it collapsed and exposed the dark cove it guarded.

The headmaster stepped forward with a whispered '_lumos'_. The old wizard stepped over the debris and rubble, eager to claim his prize, his weapon. Slowly, he shined the light from his wand around where he remembered the center of the sealed room once stood. The other magic users moved forward behind the "Leader of the Light." When he stopped, the others immediately did the same; for fear that they had stumbled upon something threatening. Unseen by the teachers, Albus Dumbledore smiled.

There, covered in a layer of dust, lay a child with black soot covered hair and an equally soot covered teddy bear. The boy clutched his bear in a death grip and Albus decided to let him keep the childish toy, just to be on the boy's good side. After all, Albus needed to keep up the appearance of the grandfather figure and he needed the boy to trust him. The headmaster turned around and gestured for his deputy headmistress to stand next to him. When she saw the child, she gasped, not just out of shock but out of fear and hope.

"It-it can't be. Heâ€¦it's impossible. How?" Minerva's breathing became labored. All she could do was stare, mouth agape, and eyes wide. The others also went forward, curiosity getting the better of them, and they too stared. Snape felt like he was being eaten alive, he knew this changed everything, and with one look at the headmaster's eyes confirmed it. The Head of Slytherin felt fear, complete and utter, paralyzing fear, at the look in those blue eyes.

"This isâ€¦this is really himâ€¦" came the whispered words of Pomfrey. Then as if some spell was broken, the medi-witch had her wand out and was casting diagnostic spell after diagnostic spell. After a few minutes, which felt like an eternity to the other magic users, she sighed in relief.

"He is fine, well-fed, healthy, and only a few scratches. Probably from the debris and dirty." She turned to the headmaster before continuing, "He is coming with me before anything else. Once I have him cleaned up, I want to run a psyche evaluation, and then you can decide where he is stayingâ€¦"

"Of course, Madam Pomfrey. We shall leave him in your capable hands."

The headmaster smiled at the school nurse, eyes still twinkling madly. The others waited until the medi-witch passed them with the child, before they followed slowly, all aware that they would not be sleeping for the rest of the night or for many more afterwards.

Hospital Wing (3 days later)-

Oblivion was so comfortable; it wrapped its bundle in divine warmth, and whispered familiar words of comfort. It was a paradox of a divine kind. It held no form except that made by the subconscious. It favored neither the good nor the bad. It was a collection of the forgotten and of the darkness that lurks within us all. It is a place where the soul goes to rest from the horrors of the world. It is a place where the broken become whole, where the whole become abstract, and where truths and lies are muted. Within this realm, mortals exist as shadows and dust, remnants of a past burned, mutilated and decayed beyond recognition. It serves only one purpose: to consume those that dwell within its grasp and _never _let them goâ€¦

This was not the case, for one such entity was being to awaken. This entity was slowly feeling, first of its existence, then of the physical self, its body in reality, and then of the world around it, reality: harsh and unforgiving. The transition from one to another could take from seconds to even hours, depending on a state of mind.

For this entity, it took three days of wandering the dark nether regions of oblivion to want to return to this hell that is the real world. Then it took several minutes for the entity to will itself into the burning light.

Arcana opened his eyes at a snail's pace. His eyelids felt heavy and it took extreme effort to see the world. When he finally could see, his vision was blurry and then came the sight of an unfamiliar ceiling. He curled into a fetal position, intent to sleep some more when he realized that Teddy was missing! Immediately, the boy sat up and was forced to stop, his abrupt action making the room spin. Just when the world stopped spinning, the sound of the footsteps became louder. When they stopped, Arcana had to remind himself to breath.

It was human. That was all that his mind could muster, then it, **_**she**_** his mind corrected, started to speak. She asked him if he was alright but he couldn't find it in himself to answer. This, **_**female**_** his mind said, wore a white old nurse's outfit that looked a lot like those from his old life; **_**you're not there**_** **_**anymore**_** his mind told him. Against his will, Arcana found himself relaxing, his mind was slowly working things out. The color of things, the texture, the way the wind moved, the brightness of the room, and the human.

He had been asleep too long. The boy watched the nurse who was still watching him, she had said something about being dizzy, he wasn't paying attention. However, the calm didn't last long. Alarm bells went off in his head, he was somewhere dangerous, **_**where is Teddy**_**?! The nurse noticed his distraught state and moved closer. Arcana's eyes went wide, his breathing became ragged, his throat became dry, he couldn't do this, he just-

*****-TEDDY!" ****

His voice was loud, fearful and full of magic. Pomfrey jumped, completely taken back. Just she was about to take another step forward, a roar vibrated throughout the halls, coming from her office. She turned on her heel and paled. Teddy had burst from her office in all his glory. His eyes found hers and he charged, armor glinting in the light. Pomfrey moved away from the bed and pulled her wand, with a flick and a **_**Stupefy**_** (is that right?), she was expecting the beast to stop but it didn't. The spell made it to its target and sizzled out of existence.

The witch moved toward the doors, and called to Arcana, telling him not to move and not to move toward the bear. Her words were useless and were muted when the bear stopped right in front of the wizarding world's savior. The massive creature growled at her and moved to where Arcana could put his hand on his back and still face the nurse, in case she decided to move. The doors behind her opened to reveal the staff, now including Hagrid, and the nurse was not surprised when the bear roared at their arrival. The headmaster stepped forward, intent on taking control of the situation, and tried to banish the beast with a flick of his wand. His attempt failed and everyone's blood ran cold when a deep, demonic sounding laugh echoed throughout the room. It was coming from the bear.

_Foolish human pest. Your magic will not work on me. I do not know how you brought us here but tread carefully. I am no house pet, my**

bark is frightening, yes it is, I can smell your fear. But my bit is what you should be terrified of, for it is deadly and none have escaped my jaws alive." _

For the headmaster of Hogwarts, the world had stopped and the wind had died. This beast, while magnificent in power and ability to remain unaffected by magic, was an obstacle he had not foreseen. **This will not do**, he thought, **not at all**â€|

* * *

><p>And that's it! Sorry it took so long, got finals coming up and other stuff. But lucky for you folks one of classes got cancelled! xD<p>

And no I had NOTHING to do with it!!

Anyway tell me what you think. I hope to update during the break so expect great things this holiday season!!! LOL

Shinigami: (groan) just review so she can shut up. PLEASE!!!

10. One with the Crowd or Not!

CRUCIAL INFORMATION-READ DISCLAIMER!!! IMPORTANT!!!

Okay, so I didn't update during the break, I hit a bit of a snag and no form of inspiration came to meâ€|for any of my storiesâ€|

BUT I have returned and hopefully, you won't kill me forâ€|urmâ€|the delay. Yeah the delayâ€|And I'm asking a big favor from you, my lovely readers, because somehow I have come up with three versions of this story, so I need you to make a crucial decisionâ€|okay, so more than one.

When do you want the Chief to appear (yes, this is important, dammit!) When Harry is Fifteen (that's with the Orderâ€|) OR, this is a big OR people, when Harry is Seventeen (After Voldy is dead or not is also a decision I also ask you to vote for).

So, that's it and enjoy the show!!!

* * *

><p>"Many of our fears are tissue paper thin, and a single courageous step would carry us clear through them."

Brendan Francis

* * *

><p>Chapter 10: One with the Crowdâ€|or not!<p>

* * *

><p>Arcana had been here, in this place, for two months. For two, agonizing months and the Old man said he would be here for longer than that. He said he was here to help but Arcana didn't believe him. The only ones Arcana really trusted was the nurse, who proclaimed she

had an oath to help those in need medical wise, and the Dark One called Severus Snape. Arcana was familiar with his type of darkness, it wasn't the kind that sought to suffocate you in your sleep, no, it was the kind that told you when there was danger about. He remembered his Papa telling him to always trust the latter, that it was there to help you survive. But he also knew that that type of darkness concealed itself behind a mask of cold indifference, to protect itself, because it was alone and if it was ever found, it would be destroyed, slowly and painfully.<p>

So, Arcana kept the Dark One's secret but he would stay close, try to stay out of the way, and listen when that darkness spoke. Unfortunately, Arcana could not contact his father. It was like someone had put this impenetrable wall right in the middle of them. They weren't dead. Arcana was sure of it, because although he could not contact them, he could still feel their presence. They were right at the end of the link, searching for him as he was searching for them. It was torture of the worse kind-to be so close and at the same time, so far.

The only good side to being here was that Arcana had learned to control his fear of humans, if to a moderate degree. Since he was always around one or two of the 'Professors' as the Old man had said to call them. What unnerved the eleven year old was how everyone kept calling him 'Harry'. His name was Arcana as he had repeatedly told them. This didn't go over well with them; they pushed this issue, so Arcana simply pushed back. A name was everything to a warrior, to everyone, even a youngling. The name Arcana was given to him by his father, it was better than being called 'Freak', that's for sure and he'd be damned if a bunch of humans tried to change it. Eventually, Snape came up with a compromise, he would be called Arcana verbally, but for all other matters, he was to accept the name 'Harry Potter' as that was his legal name when his human parents gave birth to him. Naturally, Arcana accepted this but added his own condition, which was that when he came of age, he was allowed to change his name. The Old one tried to get him to think otherwise, but Arcana would not accept the compromise if they didn't accept his condition.

Now, came the day, when Snape would take him to get his supplies. The Dark One warned him before hand that this 'Diagon Alley' was going to be crowded with humans, more than he is accustomed to but not overly so. Apparently, they were going when it wasn't bursting with people but it would still appear crowded to Arcana. Thankfully, due to Teddy's early outburst, no one questioned why he was taking him with him. The bear in question was sitting on top of Arcana's head in his 'plush form' looking for danger. The eleven year old blamed Teddy's paranoia on his father, sure, Arcana was taught how to defend himself and how to be aware without looking like it but Teddy's awareness was like a clean freak with OCD, and borderline hysterical. Sometimes it was funny, like that time with the coffee and sometimes it was not so funny, like now when they were surrounded by humans and oh, did they stink!

They arrived by using the floo, and what a messed up way to travel. Arcana, even with his training, could not land on his feet, which left Teddy cursing. They had ended up in a place called "The Leaky Cauldron", why would anyone name a hub "Leaky" is beyond him. They went to the back and out into a courtyard with a dead end. _This was the entrance?_ Before Arcana could question Snape, the man in question took out his wand and began to tap the bricks_. What the

hell?_ When he finished the bricks started to move apart and _holy mother of Sangheili_, Diagon alley was not only huge, it was also freakin' crowded! It took all of Arcana's will power not to go into a full blown panic attack. Snape reached over and placed a hand on his shoulder but didn't make him move.

If this was when business was slow, Arcana did not want to think about when it was considered crowded. When he felt himself relax, he gave Snape a weak nod, he really did not want to do this. The first stop was to Gringotts, the wizard bank. Snape had warned him that the bank was run by goblins, which Arcana had no problems with, they weren't human, they were okay until proven otherwise. When he entered, he noticed the marble floor and long corridors that seemed endless. They approached a free goblin and Arcana couldn't help but relax, they reminded him a lot of his cousins, they looked about the same height, too!

Arcana really didn't hear what was being said, looking at the goblin reminded him of home, and of his family. He hoped they got away from those tainted people. But the goblin really did look like one of his cousins, maybe they were distant cousins of his cousinsâ€|? Why not ask? They had just returned from the vault and were about to leave. Arcana took his chance and turned to the goblin, what was his name? He never said, this was his chance.

"Excuse me, comrade? I am Arcana son of Orion the Sangheili. This is Teddy, my friend and guardian. Who are you?"

The goblin's head snapped into his direction so fast, Arcana thought he might hurt himself. The goblin was staring at this child, this child that spoke in the Old Tongue. It was a language that was practically dead, it was taught but hardly was it ever learned or used. Given a couple decades it would be lost completely.

_"I am Griphook, son of IronBack__**(1)**__ the Goblin, young Arcana." _

The boy and bear smiled at the goblin, as if he had said something pleasing. Perhaps the child had not heard someone else speak the Old Tongue? Arcana was elated that they did speak like his cousins, although it was rougher and it wasn't refined, like it wasn't his common language. Arcana guessed that was the case.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Griphook. Perhaps we can speak more later? My guide and I have many errands to run today."

"Yes, it would be a pleasure to speak with you young one. Perhaps when you are not so preoccupied. But for now, let us go our separate ways."

_"Yes, but we shall meet again, brother. Good day and good marrow." _

_"And to you, young one." _

Griphook watched as Arcana practically skipped his way out of the bank, while Snape looked at the son of his archrival with numb shock. How the child learned the Old Language was a mystery to the goblin but one he would get to know, he couldn't wait to speak with the child again.

Snape meanwhile took Arcana back into the crowd, and toward the robe shop called Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions. Snape told him to stay inside the shop while he went to get his books for the year. Arcana was helped with his robes by one of the new attendants, she was young and gentle, not like her counterpart, that kept calling her customers by weird pet names like "deary" and such. Arcana just managed to avoid her, she was really creepy.

When Snape got back, Arcana was done and had several new set of robes. Unfortunately, it would be several more hours of torture, cough, I mean shopping before they went into Ollivander's wand shop. When they entered the shop, Arcana took notice of the numerous selves of wands, and the even more prominent item in the shop, dust. However, it was not the shop that made him uneasy but the feeling of being watched, made worse when a voice spoke behind him.

"Welcome, Mr. Potter, to my wand shop."

Arcana gasped and quickly closed his eyes. Snape had been teaching him breathing exercises, how to calm oneself down and prevent future panic attacks. Arcana took steady breaths instead of deep ones due to the large amount of dust. Teddy glared at the wand maker, he was rather upset he couldn't tell the man was hiding in the corner, there was too much dust messing with his sense of smell. Arcana took in the wand maker's appearance: white hair, and pale milky eyes are the most noticeable, other than those features, he would have looked like any other male human—Man—his mind hastily corrected. It was not as hard as it was before when he would burst into full out panic attacks but it was still difficult to remain calm when someone snuck up on him, which was now _very_ scarce.

"Helloâ€|" was all that the eleven year old could muster; still it was a vast improvement from his first arrival.

The wand maker raised an eyebrow but did not comment on what he just witnessed. And so, the white haired man went about pulling wands from selves and making the first year try them out. There were some that broke furniture, shattered windows, there was even one that turned to water in his hand. Then there were the ones that Ollivander snatched out of his hand before he could so much as wave them. Until finally, the old man seemed to have struck goldâ€|it was an eleven inch long holly wand with the core of a phoenix featherâ€|

"Curiousâ€|very curiousâ€|"

"Sorry, what's curious?"

"I remember every wand I've ever sold, Mr. Potter. It so happens that the phoenix who tail feather resides in your wand gave another featherâ€|just one other. It is also curious that you should be destined for this wand when its brother gave you that scar.

"And who owned that wand?"

"We do not speak his name! The wand chooses the wizard, Mr. Potter. It's not always clear why. But I think it is clear that we can expect great things from you. After all, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named did great things. Terrible! Yes. But great." **(2)**

Arcana felt a shiver run down his spine, "great things", the man said but those great things may not be of his free will. His father had told him that sometimes great things happen out of stupidity and sheer desperation. But before he could delve longer in his thoughts, a low growl caught his attention. It was then that he noticed, along with the wand maker and Snape, that Teddy was eyeing one of the selves.

Arcana watched as Teddy took a leap, took hold of the self, and snatched one of the wand boxes before dropping back to the ground. Teddy, now covered in a thin layer of dust, made his way over to the raven haired child, holding the box out to said child. Arcana took the box, before opening it, and grasped the wand. When he did, Emerald jumped forward sharp like lightening, running from Arcana's hand, through the wand, sparking and crackling; gleeful; before being released above the child's head and then dissipating. The wand maker gasped, eyed wide, unblinkingâ€¦

"Fifteen and a half inch Celyon Ebony with a Chimaera scale coreâ€¦very rare, very powerfulâ€¦and very untamedâ€¦"

The elder man looked at the child before him closely. As if he could discover all the secrets of the world from just looking at the boy. His eyes held a mixture of fear and excitement.

"With your first wand, great things can be expected from you, from your second wand, things both unpredictable and unimaginable can be made realâ€¦but with both, this world can become your very own playground. Trend carefully, Mr. Potter, for there are those who have wasted their lives striving to achieve what you have in the palm of your handsâ€¦"

Arcana merely nodded his head, not fully trusting his voice. Once they paid for the wands, they headed back to the Leaky Cauldron, and took the floo back to the school. Once they arrived, Arcana and Teddy was taken down into the dungeons, to Snape's quarters. Arcana didn't understand why the Old man let him near someone who obviously hated him but didn't comment on it.

With all of his things placed in the guest room, Arcana took dinner with Snape, also to help tell the types of food other humans-people-eat and how to eat with other people. Afterwards, the eleven year old took a quick bath and then lay out on the bed with Teddy. The day was stressful on his mind. But the experience was well worth it, the large number of humans didn't bother him, and he was starting to think of them as people. It was a start.

But the experience still didn't quell the feeling of loneliness that resonated throughout his being. It was a prominent feeling, one that existed at the forefront of his thoughts and actions. These feeling often made Arcana think of his family, namely his father, and despite how brief, of John, he never really got to know the green giant. Other than his name, he didn't know anything about him, it was frustrating, he would have gotten to know him better if that bad magic hadn't kidnapped him! But there was no point in thinking about "what ifs".

With a sigh, Arcana got up from bed and sat by the window, looking up at the stars. Teddy also got up and sat on the raven haired boy's lap. The silence stretched neither willing to talk about their

helpless situation or the awkward and violated feeling that had begun to settle over their heads as the first day of _school _drew near. They knew they couldn't trust anyone in this strange world, not even Snape because of his precarious situation, but that was okay. They didn't need to trust anyone. They just needed to get through the school year without causing trouble. Arcana could do that and with Teddy watching his back, Arcana was confident that there was little anyone could do to hurt him.

But even so, Arcana and Teddy could not shake that ominous feeling that swelled in the pits of their stomachs, something was coming, something terrible and they knew they were involved. Whether or not they like it, it was like being cast into the eye of the storm. Arcana looked up at the stars, and pulled Teddy closer, ignoring the tears that fell from his cheeks.

To lost in the night sky, they didn't notice Emerald embracing them, humming with the power of a vengeful godâ€¦|_this world will burn!_

* * *

><p>(1)-Yeah, I made that upâ€¦|<p>

(2)-Yeah, got that from the bookâ€¦|

Sorry, it took so long, but here it is! Read and review! After finals I'm free!! Muahahahahahahah!!!

11. Something Wicked This Way Comes

Disclaimer-I own nothing but the idea that made this story. Why did it take so long? Because shit happens and Life likes to fuck with people.

On another note. Updating "Demon's Heart" is going to take longer considering I'm having serious writers block. I had a clear vision for that one but the story seemed to have taken its own path. Now I've got to find out where it wants to go. Shame to, I really want to update that oneâ€¦|

On to the story, sorry its short, I really have no patience to make it any longerâ€¦|

* * *

><p>Chapter 11: Something wicked this way comesâ€¦|<p>

"It is not light that we need, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake."

-Frederick Douglass

* * *

><p>It had been a few years since Arcana was taken from his family, taken from the only people who actually took care of him. Arcana stood a small fifteen year old who didn't smile often. In the beginning, when he had been introduced to the magical population

Teddy often shifted into beast mode to keep the more bold students from getting too close. The Wizarding World had roared with demand: where had he been hiding? Who was taking care of him? He called them monsters. He called them murderers and kidnappers. They pushed and pulled. They were both scared of him and fascinated by him. They wanted a savior but he wasn't that. They wanted a hero but he wasn't that either. They were horrified of his accusations but still wanted him to live up to their expectations.<p>

Arcana still had problems listening when they called him "Harry", it wasn't the name his father gave him. It didn't sing like the way his bigger uncles used to say it_ (Hunters)_, or the maddening cackle of some of his cousins and brothers _(grunts and jackals)_. Emerald had changed too. It wasn't emerald anymore, it was so dark. Angry and sharper than it used to be; it no longer glowed, illuminating the shadows of people's hearts. The people called it Magic. They used it like a tool, as if it wasn't even alive, as if it was just a tool as if what they did with it didn't matter.

The people were strange. They were stranger than his relatives, then the people who raised him before he found his family. There was a man who had a wolf living inside his head, he's always tired and his wolf is tired. He likes this man with the wolf in his head. He calls him "Harry" in class but "Arcana" any other time.

He talks of his Old Family, the one that came before him. He tells him the history of this place, answers the questions the Old One doesn't want him to ask. He wonders what would happen if the man and the wolf became One, wonders what would happen if they found harmony. He doesn't ask that, though. He doesn't push like everyone has already done to him. His name is Remus.

There the man who is a dog or is he a dog that is a man? Sirius, who liked to Push. He wanted Harry but Harry never existed. Harry died a long time ago. But Arcana isn't mad. Teddy isn't mad. He acts like his Father, worried and sad. So he lets the man push and pull. The man knows he lets him and cries. He doesn't know how to not make the man cry. It is a first being able to hurt someone but not meaning to. It is a first hurting someone while trying not to. It's confusing and it hurts to see the man cry. He thinks that if he pretends it might help but he doesn't know _how_ to do that.

There is a woman who is a cat or is she a cat who is a woman? There is a short man, like his cousins. There is the Lady who Loves to Fly and that woman who Speaks too loud that no one Believes her. There are the Twin Souls who LaughLaughLaugh and look into the sun. There is a snake who tries to bite but has no venom. The boy who talks to plants and the girl who talks to Omens of Death smile and wave. There is a boy with fire in his head, who has Pushed the hardest, who Raged,Raged,Raged, and never let go.

There is the girl who hides behind books or is she the girls that books hide behind? He likes her either way because she calls him by both names, "Arcana Harry James Potter!" He doesn't mind because she's scared, too. But that boy who is soon a man, that one covered in red, from across the place, Arcana cannot remember his name, he is strong, steady, and good, he likes her. Wants to protect his friend with the Books. He told her so. Told her to stay with him, to hold on to him and never look back. The wolf man would not last long nor would the dark one and the lights are flickering and flickering and

flickering and it won't be long before they all go out.

"What about you?" she asks

"I won't be here long," he smiles "I'm going home soon. The Broken Man won't ever touch me."

"But the Dark Lord split his soul!" she's so close to crying, "Even if you get rid of the piece inside of you. What about the others?"

"They'll be gone soon, too."

There are masses of people who move into and around him. People who leave and return, asking and wondering. He tells them nothing. There are people who disappear into a crowd and never are found, lost in the flow. The Old One watches from his perch, expecting and hoping but never seeing the way Arcana can. Teddy grins with his teeth and the world moves back, recedes like the tide. When it surges back to shore, he is farther away, nesting among the stars.

"He is a boy, just a boy, Hermione." He says to her name softly and she sighs

"Just a boy? A boy with decades more over us." She grows sad but he knows how to sooth this sadness.

"A boy cannot defy Gods and Demons," Teddy nuzzled his cheek, "But he will remember the One who can."

Hermione stares for a long moment before relaxing. It had taken a while for her to understand that he knew things, Older and Otherworldly. It took her a great deal of time to understand that he lived among the stars, far above Earth, where ever magic stole him away to. To places books have never reached, where the magic folk have never gone. So, when he spoke it was a moment or two after that she understood. Everything would be ok.

"The One who defies Gods and Demons, will come, then?" she whispers

Teddy's purr is thunderous in the quiet room; she promises to never look back.

* * *

><p>"Welcome home, John."<p>

When the light fades, she is gone. Then there are numbers, a series of specific sequences that flickers by so fast he almost misses it. Almost. Coordinates, on Earth. Somehow, he knows where it leads, what it means, and he lets her go, trusting her like he's always done before. They are gone as quickly as they appear as if they were never there to begin with.

One more Mission. He descended into Hell once, purged its caretakers with Lead and Fire, to break into its Prison. He barreled through the Heavens, slaughtered its guardians with Shrapnel and Ice, to topple the Throne.

What can possibly stop him, when all else has failed?

So, he waits. _I'm coming, I'm coming, _**I promise**_, I'm coming._

He won't lose another one.

* * *

><p>End Chapter!<p>

Next One Up: Anyone ever wonder what a conversation between the Master Chief and Albus Dumbledore with turn out? Me, too! Muhahahaha! Let's find out!

Reviews are welcome. Would like some input on how you guys think that conversation should go.

End
file.